









Riverside Edition

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THE WRITINGS  
OF  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
IN TEN VOLUMES  
VOLUME IX.







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WILLIAMS  
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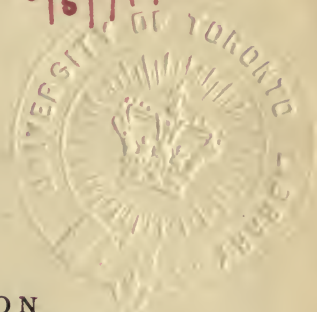
# POEMS

III.

BY

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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*Reader! walk up at once (it will soon be too late),  
and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate*

## A FABLE FOR CRITICS:

OR, BETTER,

(I LIKE, AS A THING THAT THE READER'S FIRST FANCY MAY STRIKE,  
AN OLD-FASHIONED TITLE-PAGE,  
SUCH AS PRESENTS A TABULAR VIEW OF THE VOLUME'S CONTENTS),

A GLANCE AT A FEW OF OUR LITERARY PROGENIES

(MRS. MALAPROP'S WORD)

FROM THE TUB OF DIOGENES;

A VOCAL AND MUSICAL MEDLEY,

THAT IS,

A SERIES OF JOKES

By A Wonderful Quiz,

WHO ACCOMPANIES HIMSELF WITH A RUB-A-DUB-DUB, FULL OF SPIRIT AND GRACE,  
ON THE TOP OF THE TUB.

*Set forth in October, the 31st day,  
In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway.*

To  
CHARLES F. BRIGGS  
This Volume  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



## PREFATORY NOTE

THIS *jeu d'esprit* was extemporized, I may fairly say, so rapidly was it written, purely for my own amusement and with no thought of publication. I sent daily instalments of it to a friend in New York, the late Charles F. Briggs. He urged me to let it be printed, and I at last consented to its anonymous publication. The secret was kept till after several persons had laid claim to its authorship.





IT being the commonest mode of procedure, I premise a few candid remarks

TO THE READER:—

This trifle, begun to please only myself and my own private fancy, was laid on the shelf. But some friends, who had seen it, induced me, by dint of saying they liked it, to put it in print. That is, having come to that very conclusion, I asked their advice when 't would make no confusion. For though (in the gentlest of ways) they had hinted it was scarce worth the while, I should doubtless have printed it.

I began it, intending a Fable, a frail, slender thing, rhyme-y-winged, with a sting in its tail. But, by addings and alterings not previously planned, digressions chance-hatched, like birds' eggs in the sand, and dawdlings to suit every whimsey's demand (always freeing the bird which I held in my hand, for the two perched, perhaps out of reach, in the tree),—it grew by degrees to the size which you see. I was like the old woman that carried the calf, and my neighbors, like hers, no doubt, wonder and laugh; and when, my strained arms with their grown burthen full, I call it my Fable, they call it a bull.

Having scrawled at full gallop (as far as that goes) in a style that is neither good verse nor bad

prose, and being a person whom nobody knows, some people will say I am rather more free with my readers than it is becoming to be, that I seem to expect them to wait on my leisure in following wherever I wander at pleasure, that, in short, I take more than a young author's lawful ease, and laugh in a queer way so like Mephistopheles, that the Public will doubt, as they grope through my rhythm, if in truth I am making fun *of* them or *with* them.

So the excellent Public is hereby assured that the sale of my book is already secured. For there is not a poet throughout the whole land but will purchase a copy or two out of hand, in the fond expectation of being amused in it, by seeing his betters cut up and abused in it. Now, I find, by a pretty exact calculation, there are something like ten thousand bards in the nation, of that special variety whom the Review and Magazine critics call *lofty* and *true*, and about thirty thousand (*this* tribe is increasing) of the kinds who are termed *full of promise* and *pleasing*. The Public will see by a glance at this schedule, that they cannot expect me to be over-sedulous about courting *them*, since it seems I have got enough fuel made sure of for boiling my pot.

As for such of our poets as find not their names mentioned once in my pages, with praises or blames, let them SEND IN THEIR CARDS, without further DELAY, to my friend G. P. PUTNAM, Esquire, in Broadway, where a LIST will be kept with the strictest regard to the day and the hour of receiv-

ing the card. Then, taking them up as I chance to have time (that is, if their names can be twisted in rhyme), I will honestly give each his PROPER POSITION, at the rate of ONE AUTHOR to each NEW EDITION. Thus a PREMIUM is offered sufficiently HIGH (as the magazines say when they tell their best lie) to induce bards to CLUB their resources and buy the balance of every edition, until they have all of them fairly been run through the mill.

One word to such readers (judicious and wise) as read books with something behind the mere eyes, of whom in the country, perhaps, there are two, including myself, gentle reader, and you. All the characters sketched in this slight *jeu d'esprit*, though, it may be, they seem, here and there, rather free, and drawn from a somewhat too cynical standpoint, are *meant* to be faithful, for that is the grand point, and none but an owl would feel sore at a rub from a jester who tells you, without any subterfuge, that he sits in Diogenes' tub.

## A PRELIMINARY NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION,

though it well may be reckoned, of all composition, the species at once most delightful and healthy, is a thing which an author, unless he be wealthy and willing to pay for that kind of delight, is not, in all instances, called on to write, though there are, it is said, who, their spirits to cheer, slip in a new title-page three times a year, and in this way snuff up an imaginary savor of that sweetest of dishes, the popular favor, — much as if a starved painter should fall to and treat the Ugolino inside to a picture of meat.

You remember (if not, pray turn backward and look) that, in writing the preface which ushered my book, I treated you, excellent Public, not merely with a cool disregard, but downright cavalierly. Now I would not take back the least thing I then said, though I thereby could butter both sides of my bread, for I never could see that an author owed aught to the people he solaced, diverted, or taught; and, as for mere fame, I have long ago learned that the persons by whom it is finally earned are those with whom *your* verdict weighed not a pin, unsustained by the higher court sitting within.

But I wander from what I intended to say, — that you have, namely, shown such a liberal way of

thinking, and so much æsthetic perception of anonymous worth in the handsome reception you gave to my book, spite of some private piques (having bought the first thousand in barely two weeks), that I think, past a doubt, if you measured the phiz of yours most devotedly, Wonderful Quiz, you would find that its vertical section was shorter, by an inch and two tenths, or 'twixt that and a quarter.

You have watched a child playing — in those wondrous years when belief is not bound to the eyes and the ears, and the vision divine is so clear and unmarred, that each baker of pies in the dirt is a bard? Give a knife and a shingle, he fits out a fleet, and, on that little mud-puddle over the street, his fancy, in purest good faith, will make sail round the globe with a puff of his breath for a gale, will visit, in barely ten minutes, all climes, and do the Columbus-feat hundreds of times. Or, suppose the young poet fresh stored with delights from that Bible of childhood, the Arabian Nights, he will turn to a crony and cry, “Jack, let’s play that I am a Genius!” Jacky straightway makes Aladdin’s lamp out of a stone, and, for hours, they enjoy each his own supernatural powers. This is all very pretty and pleasant, but then suppose our two urchins have grown into men, and both have turned authors, — one says to his brother, “Let’s play we’re the American somethings or other, — say Homer or Sophocles, Goethe or Scott (only let them be big enough, no matter what). Come, you shall be Byron or Pope, which you choose: I’ll be

Coleridge, and both shall write mutual reviews." So they both (as mere strangers) before many days send each other a cord of anonymous bays. Each, piling his epithets, smiles in his sleeve to see what his friend can be made to believe; each, reading the other's unbiased review, thinks — Here's pretty high praise, but no more than my due. Well, we laugh at them both, and yet make no great fuss when the same farce is acted to benefit us. Even I, who, if asked, scarce a month since, what Fudge meant, should have answered, the dear Public's critical judgment, begin to think sharp-witted Horace spoke sooth when he said, that the Public *sometimes* hit the truth.

In reading these lines, you perhaps have a vision of a person in pretty good health and condition; and yet, since I put forth my primary edition, I have been crushed, scorched, withered, used up and put down (by Smith with the cordial assistance of Brown), in all, if you put any faith in my rhymes, to the number of ninety-five several times, and, while I am writing, — I tremble to think of it, for I may at this moment be just on the brink of it, — Molybdostom, angry at being omitted, has begun a critique, — am I not to be pitied? <sup>1</sup>

Now I shall not crush *them* since, indeed, for that matter, no pressure I know of could render them flatter; nor wither, nor scorch them, — no action of fire could make either them or their arti-

<sup>1</sup> The wise Scandinavians probably called their bards by the queer-looking title of Scald, in a delicate way, as it were, just to hint to the world the hot water they always get into.

cles drier ; nor waste time in putting them down — I am thinking not their own self-inflation will keep them from sinking ; for there's this contradiction about the whole bevy, — though without the least weight, they are awfully heavy. No, my dear honest bore, *surdo fabulam narras*, they are no more to me than a rat in the arras. I can walk with the Doctor, get facts from the Don, or draw out the Lambish quintessence of John, and feel nothing more than a half-comic sorrow, to think that they all will be lying to-morrow tossed carelessly up on the waste-paper shelves, and forgotten by all but their half-dozen selves. Once snug in my attic, my fire in a roar, I leave the whole pack of them outside the door. With Hakluyt or Purchas I wander away to the black northern seas or barbaric Cathay ; get *fou* with O'Shanter, and sober me then with that builder of brick-kilnish dramas, rare Ben ; snuff Herbert, as holy as a flower on a grave ; with Fletcher wax tender, o'er Chapman grow brave ; with Marlowe or Kyd take a fine poet-rave ; in Very, most Hebrew of Saxons, find peace ; with Lycidas welter on vext Irish seas ; with Webster grow wild, and climb earthward again, down by mystical Browne's Jacob's-ladder-like brain, to that spiritual Pepys (Cotton's version) Montaigne ; find a new depth in Wordsworth, undreamed of before, that marvel, a poet divine who can bore. Or, out of my study, the scholar thrown off, Nature holds up her shield 'gainst the sneer and the scoff ; the landscape, forever consoling and kind, pours her wine and her oil on

the smarts of the mind. The waterfall, scattering its vanishing gems; the tall grove of hemlocks, with moss on their stems, like splashes of sunlight; the pond in the woods, where no foot but mine and the bittern's intrudes, where pitcher-plants purple and gentians hard by recall to September the blue of June's sky; these are all my kind neighbors, and leave me no wish to say aught to you all, my poor critics, but — pish! I've buried the hatchet: I'm twisting an allumette out of one of you now, and relighting my calumet. In your private capacities, come when you please, I will give you my hand and a fresh pipe apiece.

As I ran through the leaves of my poor little book, to take a fond author's first tremulous look, it was quite an excitement to hunt the *errata*, sprawled in as birds' tracks are in some kinds of strata (only these made things crookeder). Fancy an heir that a father had seen born well-featured and fair, turning suddenly wry-nosed, club-footed, squint-eyed, hair-lipped, wapper-jawed, carrot-haired, from a pride become an aversion, — my case was yet worse. A club-foot (by way of a change) in a verse, I might have forgiven, an *o*'s being wry, a limp in an *e*, or a cock in an *i*, — but to have the sweet babe of my brain served in *pi*! I am not queasy-stomached, but such a Thyestean banquet as that was quite out of the question.

In the edition now issued no pains are neglected, and my verses, as orators say, stand corrected. Yet some blunders remain of the Public's own make, which I wish to correct for my personal sake.



For instance, a character drawn in pure fun and condensing the traits of a dozen in one, has been, as I hear, by some persons applied to a good friend of mine, whom to stab in the side, as we walked along chatting and joking together, would not be *my* way. I can hardly tell whether a question will ever arise in which he and I should by any strange fortune agree, but meanwhile my esteem for him grows as I know him, and, though not the best judge on earth of a poem, he knows what it is he is saying and why, and is honest and fearless, two good points which I have not found so rife I can easily smother my love for them, whether on my side or t' other.

For my other *anonymi*, you may be sure that I know what is meant by a caricature, and what by a portrait. There *are* those who think it is capital fun to be spattering their ink on quiet, unquarrelsome folk, but the minute the game changes sides and the others begin it, they see something savage and horrible in it. As for me I respect neither women nor men for their gender, nor own any sex in a pen. I choose just to hint to some causeless unfriends that, as far as I know, there are always two ends (and one of them heaviest, too) to a staff, and two parties also to every good laugh.



## A FABLE FOR CRITICS

PHŒBUS, sitting one day in a laurel-tree's shade,  
Was reminded of Daphne, of whom it was made,  
For the god being one day too warm in his wooing,  
She took to the tree to escape his pursuing ;  
Be the cause what it might, from his offers she  
shrank,  
And, Ginevra-like, shut herself up in a trunk ;  
And, though 't was a step into which he had driven  
her,  
He somehow or other had never forgiven her ;  
Her memory he nursed as a kind of a tonic,  
Something bitter to chew when he 'd play the By-  
ronic,  
And I can't count the obstinate nymphs that he  
brought over  
By a strange kind of smile he put on when he  
thought of her.  
“ My case is like Dido's,” he sometimes remarked ;  
“ When I last saw my love, she was fairly em-  
barked  
In a laurel, as *she* thought — but (ah, how Fate  
mocks!)  
She has found it by this time a very bad box ;  
Let hunters from me take this saw when they need  
it, —

You're not always sure of your game when you've  
treed it.

Just conceive such a change taking place in one's  
mistress!

What romance would be left? — who can flatter or  
kiss trees?

And, for mercy's sake, how could one keep up a  
dialogue

With a dull wooden thing that will live and will  
die a log, —

Not to say that the thought would forever intrude  
That you've less chance to win her the more she is  
wood?

Ah! it went to my heart, and the memory still  
grieves,

To see those loved graces all taking their leaves;  
Those charms beyond speech, so enchanting but  
now,

As they left me forever, each making its bough!  
If her tongue *had* a tang sometimes more than was  
right,

Her new bark is worse than ten times her old bite."

Now, Daphne — before she was happily treei-  
fied —

Over all other blossoms the lily had deified,  
And when she expected the god on a visit  
('T was before he had made his intentions explicit),  
Some buds she arranged with a vast deal of care,  
To look as if artlessly twined in her hair,  
Where they seemed, as he said, when he paid his  
addresses,

Like the day breaking through the long night of  
 her tresses ;  
 So whenever he wished to be quite irresistible,  
 Like a man with eight trumps in his hand at a  
 whist-table  
 (I feared me at first that the rhyme was untwista-  
 ble,  
 Though I might have lugged in an allusion to  
 Cristabel), —  
 He would take up a lily, and gloomily look in it,  
 As I shall at the —, when they cut up my book  
 in it.

Well, here, after all the bad rhyme I've been  
 spinning,  
 I've got back at last to my story's beginning :  
 Sitting there, as I say, in the shade of his mistress,  
 As dull as a volume of old Chester mysteries,  
 Or as those puzzling specimens which, in old histo-  
 ries,  
 We read of his verses — the Oracles, namely, —  
 (I wonder the Greeks should have swallowed them  
 tamely,  
 For one might bet safely whatever he has to risk,  
 They were laid at his door by some ancient Miss  
 Asterisk,  
 And so dull that the men who retailed them out-  
 doors  
 Got the ill name of augurs, because they were  
 bores, —)  
 First, he mused what the animal substance or herb  
 is

Would induce a mustache, for you know he's *im-*  
*berbis* ;

Then he shuddered to think how his youthful posi-  
tion

Was assailed by the age of his son the physician ;  
At some poems he glanced, had been sent to him  
lately,

And the metre and sentiment puzzled him greatly ;  
"Mehercle! I'd make such proceeding felonious, —

Have they all of them slept in-the cave of Tropho-  
nius?

Look well to your seat, 't is like taking an airing  
On a corduroy road, and that out of repairing ;  
It leads one, 't is true, through the primitive for-  
est,

Grand natural features, but then one has no rest ;  
You just catch a glimpse of some ravishing dis-  
tance,

When a jolt puts the whole of it out of existence, —  
Why not use their ears, if they happen to have  
any?"

— Here the laurel-leaves murmured the name of  
poor Daphne.

"Oh, weep with me, Daphne," he sighed, "for  
you know it's

A terrible thing to be pestered with poets !  
But, alas, she is dumb, and the proverb holds good,  
She never will cry till she's out of the wood !  
What would n't I give if I never had known of  
her ?

'T were a kind of relief had I something to groan  
over :

If I had but some letters of hers, now, to toss  
over,

I might turn for the nonce a Byronic philosopher,  
And bewitch all the flats by bemoaning the loss of  
her.

One needs something tangible, though, to begin  
on, —

A loom, as it were, for the fancy to spin on ;  
What boots all your grist? it can never be ground  
Till a breeze makes the arms of the windmill go  
round ;

(Or, if 't is a water-mill, alter the metaphor,  
And say it won't stir, save the wheel be well wet  
afore,

Or lug in some stuff about water 'so dreamily,' —  
It is not a metaphor, though, 't is a simile) ;

A lily, perhaps, would set *my* mill a-going,  
For just at this season, I think, they are blowing.  
Here, somebody, fetch one ; not very far hence  
They 're in bloom by the score, 't is but climbing  
a fence ;

There 's a poet hard by, who does nothing but fill  
his

Whole garden, from one end to t' other, with lilies ;  
A very good plan, were it not for satiety,  
One longs for a weed here and there, for variety ;  
Though a weed is no more than a flower in dis-  
guise,

Which is seen through at once, if love give a man  
eyes."

Now there happened to be among Phœbus's followers,

A gentleman, one of the omnivorous swallows,  
 Who bolt every book that comes out of the press,  
 Without the least question of larger or less,  
 Whose stomachs are strong at the expense of their  
 head, —

For reading new books is like eating new bread,  
 One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he  
 Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy.

On a previous stage of existence, our Hero  
 Had ridden outside, with the glass below zero;  
 He had been, 't is a fact you may safely rely on,  
 Of a very old stock a most eminent scion, —

A stock all fresh quacks their fierce boluses ply on,  
 Who stretch the new boots Earth's unwilling to  
 try on,

Whom humbugs of all shapes and sorts keep their  
 eye on

Whose hair's in the mortar of every new Zion,  
 Who, when whistles are dear, go directly and buy  
 one,

Who think slavery a crime that we must not say  
 fie on,

Who hunt, if they e'er hunt at all, with the lion  
 (Though they hunt lions also, whenever they spy  
 one),

Who contrive to make every good fortune a wry  
 one,

And at last choose the hard bed of honor to die on,  
 Whose pedigree, traced to earth's earliest years,  
 Is longer than anything else but their ears; —



In short, he was sent into life with the wrong key,  
 He unlocked the door, and stept forth a poor  
                   donkey.

Though kicked and abused by his bipedal betters  
 Yet he filled no mean place in the kingdom of  
                   letters ;

Far happier than many a literary hack,  
 He bore only paper-mill rags on his back  
 (For it makes a vast difference which side the mill  
 One expends on the paper his labor and skill) ;  
 So, when his soul waited a new transmigration,  
 And Destiny balanced 'twixt this and that station,  
 Not having much time to expend upon bothers,  
 Remembering he 'd had some connection with au-  
                   thors,

And considering his four legs had grown para-  
                   lytic, —

She set him on two, and he came forth a critic.

Through his babyhood no kind of pleasure he  
                   took

In any amusement but tearing a book ;  
 For him there was no intermediate stage  
 From babyhood up to straight-laced middle age ;  
 There were years when he did n't wear coat-tails  
                   behind,

But a boy he could never be rightly defined ;  
 Like the Irish Good Folk, though in length scarce  
                   a span,

From the womb he came gravely, a little old man ;  
 While other boys' trousers demanded the toil  
 Of the motherly fingers on all kinds of soil,

Red, yellow, brown, black, clayey, gravelly, loamy,  
He sat in the corner and read *Viri Romæ*.

He never was known to unbend or to revel once  
In base, marbles, hockey, or kick up the devil  
once ;

He was just one of those who excite the benevo-  
lence

Of your old prigs who sound the soul's depths with  
a ledger,

And are on the lookout for some young men to  
"edger-

cate," as they call it, who won't be too costly,

And who'll afterward take to the ministry mostly ;

Who always wear spectacles, always look bilious,

Always keep on good terms with each *mater-fa-*  
*miliæ*

Throughout the whole parish, and manage to rear  
Ten boys like themselves, on four hundred a year :  
Who, fulfilling in turn the same fearful conditions,  
Either preach through their noses, or go upon mis-  
sions.

In this way our Hero got safely to college,

Where he bolted alike both his commons and  
knowledge ;

A reading-machine, always wound up and going,

He mastered whatever was not worth the knowing,

Appeared in a gown, with black waistcoat of satin,

To spout such a Gothic oration in Latin

That Tully could never have made out a word in it

(Though himself was the model the author pre-  
ferred in it),

And grasping the parchment which gave him in  
fee

All the mystic and-sò-forths contained in A. B.,  
He was launched (life is always compared to a  
sea)

With just enough learning, and skill for the using  
it,

To prove he 'd a brain, by forever confusing it.

So worthy St. Benedict, piously burning

With the holiest zeal against secular learning,

*Nesciensque scienter*, as writers express it,

*Indoctusque sapienter a Roma recessit.*

'T would be endless to tell you the things that  
he knew,

Each a separate fact, undeniably true,

But with him or each other they 'd nothing to do ;

No power of combining, arranging, discerning,

Digested the masses he learned into learning ;

There was one thing in life he had practical know-  
ledge for

(And this, you will think, he need scarce go to  
college for), —

Not a deed would he do, nor a word would he  
utter,

Till he 'd weighed its relations to plain bread and  
butter.

When he left Alma Mater, he practised his wits

In compiling the journals' historical bits, —

Of shops broken open, men falling in fits,

Great fortunes in England bequeathed to poor  
printers,

And cold spells, the coldest for many past winters, —  
 Then, rising by industry, knack, and address,  
 Got notices up for an unbiased press,  
 With a mind so well poised, it seemed equally  
 made for  
 Applause or abuse, just which chanced to be paid  
 for :  
 From this point his progress was rapid and sure,  
 To the post of a regular heavy reviewer.

And here I must say he wrote excellent articles  
 On Hebraical points, or the force of Greek particles ;  
 They filled up the space nothing else was prepared  
 for,  
 And nobody read that which nobody cared for ;  
 If any old book reached a fiftieth edition,  
 He could fill forty pages with safe erudition :  
 He could gauge the old books by the old set of  
 rules,  
 And his very old nothings pleased very old fools ;  
 But give him a new book, fresh out of the heart,  
 And you put him at sea without compass or  
 chart, —  
 His blunders aspired to the rank of an art ;  
 For his lore was engraft, something foreign that  
 grew in him,  
 Exhausting the sap of the native and true in him,  
 So that when a man came with a soul that was  
 new in him,  
 Carving new forms of truth out of Nature's old  
 granite,

New and old at their birth, like Le Verrier's  
planet,

Which, to get a true judgment, themselves must  
create

In the soul of their critic the measure and weight,  
Being rather themselves a fresh standard of grace,  
To compute their own judge, and assign him his  
place,

Our reviewer would crawl all about it and round it,  
And, reporting each circumstance just as he found  
it,

Without the least malice, — his record would be  
Profoundly æsthetic as that of a flea,  
Which, supping on Wordsworth, should print, for  
our sakes,

Recollections of nights with the Bard of the Lakes,  
Or, lodged by an Arab guide, ventured to render a  
Comprehensive account of the ruins at Denderah.

As I said, he was never precisely unkind,  
The defect in his brain was just absence of mind ;  
If he boasted, 't was simply that he was self-made,  
A position which I, for one, never gainsaid,  
My respect for my Maker supposing a skill  
In His works which our Hero would answer but  
ill ;

And I trust that the mould which he used may be  
cracked, or he,

Made bold by success, may enlarge his phylactery,  
And set up a kind of a man-manufactory, —  
An event which I shudder to think about, seeing  
That Man is a moral, accountable being.

He meant well enough, but was still in the way,  
 As dunces still are, let them be where they may ;  
 Indeed, they appear to come into existence  
 To impede other folks with their awkward assist-  
                   ance ;

If you set up a dunce on the very North pole  
 All alone with himself, I believe, on my soul,  
 He 'd manage to get betwixt somebody's shins,  
 And pitch him down bodily, all in his sins,  
 To the grave polar bears sitting round on the ice,  
 All shortening their grace, to be in for a slice ;  
 Or, if he found nobody else there to pother,  
 Why, one of his legs would just trip up the other,  
 For there 's nothing we read of in torture's inven-  
                   tions,  
 Like a well-meaning dunce, with the best of inten-  
                   tions.

A terrible fellow to meet in society,  
 Not the toast that he buttered was ever so dry at  
                   tea ;  
 There he 'd sit at the table and stir in his sugar,  
 Crouching close for a spring, all the while, like a  
                   cougar ;  
 Be sure of your facts, of your measures and  
                   weights,  
 Of your time, — he 's as fond as an Arab of dates ;  
 You 'll be telling, perhaps, in your comical way,  
 Of something you 've seen in the course of the day ;  
 And, just as you 're tapering out the conclusion,  
 You venture an ill-fated classic allusion, —  
 The girls have all got their laughs ready, when,  
                   whack !

The cougar comes down on your thunderstruck  
back !

You had left out a comma, — your Greek's put in  
joint,

And pointed at cost of your story's whole point.

In the course of the evening, you find chance for  
certain

Soft speeches to Anne, in the shade of the curtain :

You tell her your heart can be likened to *one*  
flower,

“ And that, O most charming of women's the sun-  
flower,

Which turns ” — here a clear nasal voice, to your  
terror,

From outside the curtain, says, “ That's all an  
error.”

As for him, he's — no matter, he never grew ten-  
der,

Sitting after a ball, with his feet on the fender,

Shaping somebody's sweet features out of cigar  
smoke

(Though he'd willingly grant you that such doings  
are smoke) ;

All women he damns with *mutabile semper*,

And if ever he felt something like love's distemper,

'T was tow' rds a young lady who spoke ancient  
Mexican,

And assisted her father in making a lexicon ;

Though I recollect hearing him get quite ferocious

About Mary Clausum, the mistress of Grotius,

Or something of that sort, — but, no more to bore  
ye

With character-painting, I'll turn to my story.

Now, Apollo, who finds it convenient sometimes  
 To get his court clear of the makers of rhymes,  
 The *genus*, I think it is called, *irritabile*,  
 Every one of whom thinks himself treated most  
     shabbily,  
 And nurses a — what is it? — *immedicabile*,  
 Which keeps him at boiling-point, hot for a quar-  
     rel,  
 As bitter as wormwood, and sourer than sorrel,  
 If any poor devil but look at a laurel ; —  
 Apollo, I say, being sick of their rioting  
 (Though he sometimes acknowledged their verse  
     had a quieting  
 Effect after dinner, and seemed to suggest a  
 Retreat to the shrine of a tranquil siesta),  
 Kept our Hero at hand, who, by means of a bray,  
 Which he gave to the life, drove the rabble away ;  
 And if that would n't do, he was sure to succeed,  
 If he took his review out and offered to read ;  
 Or, failing in plans of this milder description,  
 He would ask for their aid to get up a subscription,  
 Considering that authorship was n't a rich craft,  
 To print the " American drama of Witchcraft."  
 " Stay, I'll read you a scene," — but he hardly be-  
     gan,  
 Ere Apollo shrieked " Help!" and the authors all  
     ran :  
 And once, when these purgatives acted with less  
     spirit,  
 And the desperate case asked a remedy desperate,  
 He drew from his pocket a foolscap epistle  
 As calmly as if 't were a nine-barrelled pistol,



And threatened them all with the judgment to come,  
Of "A wandering Star's first impressions of  
Rome."

"Stop! stop!" with their hands o'er their ears,  
screamed the Muses,

"He may go off and murder himself, if he chooses,  
'T was a means self-defence only sanctioned his  
trying,

'T is mere massacre now that the enemy 's flying ;  
If he 's forced to 't again, and we happen to be  
there,

Give us each a large handkerchief soaked in strong  
ether."

I called this a "Fable for Critics"; you think  
it's

More like a display of my rhythmical trinkets ;  
My plot, like an icicle, 's slender and slippery,  
Every moment more slender, and likely to slip  
awry,

And the reader unwilling *in loco desipere*,  
Is free to jump over as much of my frippery  
As he fancies, and, if he 's a provident skipper, he  
May have like Odysseus control of the gales,  
And get safe to port, ere his patience quite fails ;  
Moreover, although 't is a slender return

For your toil and expense, yet my paper will burn,  
And, if you have manfully struggled thus far with  
me,

You may e'en twist me up, and just light your  
cigar with me :

If too angry for that, you can tear me in pieces,

And my *membra disjecta* consign to the breezes,  
 A fate like great Ratzau's, whom one of those  
       bores,  
 Who befead with bad verses poor Louis Quatorze,  
 Describes (the first verse somehow ends with *vic-*  
       *toire*),

As *dispersant partout et ses membres et sa gloire* ;  
 Or, if I were over-desirous of earning  
 A repute among noodles for classical learning,  
 I could pick you a score of allusions, i-wis,  
 As new as the jests of *Didaskalos tis* ;  
 Better still, I could make out a good solid list  
 From authors recondite who do not exist, —  
 But that would be naughty : at least, I could twist  
 Something out of Absyrtus, or turn your inquiries  
 After Milton's prose metaphor, drawn from Osiris ;  
 But, as Cicero says he won't say this or that  
 (A fetch, I must say, most transparent and flat),  
 After saying whate'er he could possibly think of, —  
 I simply will state that I pause on the brink of  
 A mire, ankle-deep, of deliberate confusion,  
 Made up of old jumbles of classic allusion :  
 So, when you were thinking yourselves to be pitied,  
 Just conceive how much harder your teeth you'd  
       have gritted,  
 An 't were not for the dulness I've kindly omitted.

I'd apologize here for my many digressions,  
 Were it not that I'm certain to trip into fresh  
       ones  
 ('T is so hard to escape if you get in their mesh  
       once) ;

Just reflect, if you please, how 't is said by Horatius,

That Mæonides nods now and then, and, my gracious!

It certainly does look a little bit ominous

When he gets under way with *ton d' apameibomenos*.

(Here a something occurs which I'll just clap a rhyme to,

And say it myself, ere a Zoilus have time to, —

Any author a nap like Van Winkle's may take,

If he only contrive to keep readers awake,

But he'll very soon find himself laid on the shelf,

If *they* fall a-nodding when he nods himself.)

Once for all, to return, and to stay, will I, nill I.—

When Phœbus expressed his desire for a lily,

Our Hero, whose homœopathic sagacity

With an ocean of zeal mixed his drop of capacity,

Set off for the garden as fast as the wind

(Or, to take a comparison more to my mind,

As a sound politician leaves conscience behind),

And leaped the low fence, as a party hack jumps

O'er his principles, when something else turns up trumps.

He was gone a long time, and Apollo, meanwhile,

Went over some sonnets of his with a file,

For, of all compositions, he thought that the sonnet

Best repaid all the toil you expended upon it ;

It should reach with one impulse the end of its  
course,

And for one final blow collect all of its force ;  
Not a verse should be salient, but each one should  
tend

With a wave-like up-gathering to break at the end ;  
So, condensing the strength here, there smoothing  
a wry kink,

He was killing the time, when up walked Mr.  
D—— ;

At a few steps behind him, a small man in glasses  
Went dodging about, muttering, “ Murderers !  
asses ! ”

From out of his pocket a paper he 'd take,  
With a proud look of martyrdom tied to its stake,  
And, reading a squib at himself, he 'd say, “ Here  
I see

'Gainst American letters a bloody conspiracy,  
They are all by my personal enemies written ;  
I must post an anonymous letter to Britain,  
And show that this gall is the merest suggestion  
Of spite at my zeal on the Copyright question,  
For, on this side the water, 't is prudent to pull  
O'er the eyes of the public their national wool,  
By accusing of slavish respect to John Bull  
All American authors who have more or less  
Of that anti-American humbug — success,  
While in private we 're always embracing the knees  
Of some twopenny editor over the seas,  
And licking his critical shoes, for you know 't is  
The whole aim of our lives to get one English no-  
tice ;

My American puffs I would willingly burn all  
(They 're all from one source, monthly, weekly, diurnal)

To get but a kick from a transmarine journal!"

So, culling the gibes of each critical scorner  
As if they were plums, and himself were Jack Horner,

He came cautiously on, peeping round every corner,  
And into each hole where a weasel might pass in,  
Expecting the knife of some critic assassin,  
Who stabs to the heart with a caricature,  
Not so bad as those daubs of the Sun, to be sure,  
Yet done with a dagger-o'-type, whose vile portraits  
Disperse all one's good and condense all one's poor  
traits.

Apollo looked up, hearing footsteps approaching,  
And slipped out of sight the new rhymes he was  
broaching, —

" Good day, Mr. D——, I 'm happy to meet,  
With a scholar so ripe, and a critic so neat,  
Who through Grub Street the soul of a gentleman  
carries ;

What news from that suburb of London and Paris  
Which latterly makes such shrill claims to mon-  
opolize

The credit of being the New World's metropolis ?"

" Why, nothing of consequence, save this attack  
On my friend there, behind, by some pitiful hack,  
Who thinks every national author a poor one,

That is n't a copy of something that 's foreign,  
And assaults the American Dick — ”

“Nay, 't is clear  
That your Damon there 's fond of a flea in his ear,  
And, if no one else furnished them gratis, on tick  
He would buy some himself, just to hear the old  
click ;

Why, I honestly think, if some fool in Japan  
Should turn up his nose at the ‘ Poems on Man,’  
(Which contain many verses as fine, by the bye,  
As any that lately came under my eye,)  
Your friend there by some inward instinct would  
know it,

Would get it translated, reprinted, and show it ;  
As a man might take off a high stock to exhibit  
The autograph round his own neck of the gibbet ;  
Nor would let it rest so, but fire column after col-  
umn,

Signed Cato, or Brutus, or something as solemn,  
By way of displaying his critical crosses,  
And tweaking that poor transatlantic proboscis,  
His broadsides resulting (this last there 's no doubt  
of)

In successively sinking the craft they 're fired out  
of.

Now nobody knows when an author is hit,  
If he have not a public hysterical fit ;  
Let him only keep close in his snug garret's dim  
ether,

And nobody 'd think of his foes — or of him  
either ;

If an author have any least fibre of worth in him,  
 Abuse would but tickle the organ of mirth in him ;  
 All the critics on earth cannot crush with their  
     ban  
 One word that 's in tune with the nature of man."

“ Well, perhaps so ; meanwhile I have brought  
     you a book,  
 Into which if you 'll just have the goodness to look,  
 You may feel so delighted (when once you are  
     through it)  
 As to deem it not unworth your while to review it,  
 And I think I can promise your thoughts, if you  
     do,  
 A place in the next Democratic Review."

“ The most thankless of gods you must surely  
     have thought me,  
 For this is the forty-fourth copy you 've brought me,  
 I have given them away, or at least I have tried,  
 But I 've forty-two left, standing all side by side  
 (The man who accepted that one copy died), —  
 From one end of a shelf to the other they reach,  
 ‘ With the author's respects ’ neatly written in  
     each.  
 The publisher, sure, will proclaim a Te Deum,  
 When he hears of that order the British Museum  
 Has sent for one set of what books were first  
     printed  
 In America, little or big, — for 't is hinted  
 That this is the first truly tangible hope he  
 Has ever had raised for the sale of a copy.

I've thought very often 't would be a good thing  
 In all public collections of books, if a wing  
 Were set off by itself, like the seas from the dry  
     lands,

Marked *Literature suited to desolate islands*,  
 And filled with such books as could never be read  
 Save by readers of proofs, forced to do it for  
     bread, —

Such books as one's wrecked on in small country  
     taverns,

Such as hermits might mortify over in caverns,  
 Such as Satan, if printing had then been invented,  
 As the climax of woe, would to Job have pre-  
     sented,

Such as Crusoe might dip in, although there are  
     few so

Outrageously cornered by fate as poor Crusoe ;  
 And since the philanthropists just now are bang-  
     ing

And gibbeting all who're in favor of hanging  
 (Though Cheever has proved that the Bible and  
     Altar

Were let down from Heaven at the end of a halter,  
 And that vital religion would dull and grow cal-  
     lous,

Unrefreshed, now and then, with a sniff of the gal-  
     lows), —

And folks are beginning to think it looks odd,  
 To choke a poor scamp for the glory of God ;  
 And that He who esteems the Virginia reel  
 A bait to draw saints from their spiritual weal,  
 And regards the quadrille as a far greater knavery



Than crushing His African children with slavery, —

Since all who take part in a waltz or cotillon  
Are mounted for hell on the Devil's own pillion,  
Who, as every true orthodox Christian well knows,  
Approaches the heart through the door of the  
toes, —

That He, I was saying, whose judgments are stored  
For such as take steps in despite of His word,  
Should look with delight on the agonized prancing  
Of a wretch who has not the least ground for his  
dancing,

While the State, standing by, sings a verse from  
the Psalter

About offering to God on His favorite halter,  
And, when the legs droop from their twitching  
divergence,

Sells the clothes to a Jew, and the corpse to the  
surgeons ; —

Now, instead of all this, I think I can direct you all  
To a criminal code both humane and effectual ; —

I propose to shut up every doer of wrong

With these desperate books, for such term, short  
or long,

As by statute in such cases made and provided,  
Shall be by your wise legislators decided :

Thus : Let murderers be shut, to grow wiser and  
cooler,

At hard labor for life on the works of Miss —— ;  
Petty thieves, kept from flagranter crimes by their  
fears,

Shall peruse Yankee Doodle a blank term of  
years, —

That American Punch, like the English, no  
doubt, —

Just the sugar and lemons and spirit left out.

“ But stay, here comes Tityrus Griswold, and  
leads on

The flocks whom he first plucks alive, and then  
feeds on, —

A loud-cackling swarm, in whose feathers warm-  
drest,

He goes for as perfect a — swan as the rest.

“ There comes Emerson first, whose rich words,  
every one,

Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on,  
Whose prose is grand verse, while his verse, the  
Lord knows,

Is some of it pr— No, 't is not even prose ;  
I 'm speaking of metres ; some poems have welled  
From those rare depths of soul that have ne'er been  
excelled ;

They 're not epics, but that does n't matter a pin,  
In creating, the only hard thing 's to begin ;  
A grass-blade 's no easier to make than an oak ;  
If you 've once found the way, you 've achieved the  
grand stroke ;

In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter,  
But thrown in a heap with a crash and a clatter ;

Now it is not one thing nor another alone  
Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,  
The something pervading, uniting the whole,  
The before unconceived, unconceivable soul,

So that just in removing this trifle or that, you  
 Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue ;  
 Roots, wood, bark, and leaves singly perfect may  
     be,  
 But, clapt hodge-podge together, they don't make  
     a tree.

“ But, to come back to Emerson (whom, by the  
     way,  
 I believe we left waiting), — his is, we may say,  
 A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose  
     range  
 Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Ex-  
     change ;  
 He seems, to my thinking (although I 'm afraid  
 The comparison must, long ere this, have been  
     made),  
 A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold  
     mist  
 And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl coex-  
     ist ;  
 All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got  
 To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what ;  
 For though he builds glorious temples, 't is odd  
 He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.  
 'T is refreshing to old-fashioned people like me  
 To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,  
 In whose mind all creation is duly respected  
 As parts of himself — just a little projected ;  
 And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,  
 A convert to — nothing but Emerson.  
 So perfect a balance there is in his head,

That he talks of things sometimes as if they were  
dead ;

Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort,  
He looks at as merely ideas ; in short,  
As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,  
Of such vast extent that our earth's a mere dab  
in it ;

Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her,  
Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts  
pure lecturer ;

You are filled with delight at his clear demonstra-  
tion,

Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the occasion,  
With the quiet precision of science he'll sort 'em,  
But you can't help suspecting the whole a *post*  
*mortem*.

“There are persons, mole-blind to the soul's  
make and style,

Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle ;  
To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer,  
Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the rarer ;  
He sees fewer objects, but clearer, truelier,  
If C.'s as original, E.'s more peculiar ;  
That he's more of a man you might say of the one,  
Of the other he's more of an Emerson ;  
C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb, —  
E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim ;  
The one's two thirds Norseman, the other half  
Greek,

Where the one's most abounding, the other's to  
seek ;

C.'s generals require to be seen in the mass, —  
 E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by the glass ;  
 C. gives nature and God his own fits of the blues,  
 And rims common-sense things with mystical  
 hues, —

E. sits in a mystery calm and intense,  
 And looks coolly around him with sharp common-  
 sense ;

C. shows you how every-day matters unite  
 With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night, —  
 While E., in a plain, preternatural way,  
 Makes mysteries matters of mere every day ;  
 C. draws all his characters quite *à la* Fuseli, —  
 Not sketching their bundles of muscles and thews  
 illy,

He paints with a brush so untamed and profuse,  
 They seem nothing but bundles of muscles and  
 thews ;

E. is rather like Flaxman, lines strait and severe,  
 And a colorless outline, but full, round, and  
 clear ; —

To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords  
 The design of a white marble statue in words.  
 C. labors to get at the centre, and then  
 Take a reckoning from there of his actions and  
 men ;

E. calmly assumes the said centre as granted,  
 And, given himself, has whatever is wanted.

“ He has imitators in scores, who omit  
 No part of the man but his wisdom and wit, —  
 Who go carefully o'er the sky-blue of his brain,

And when he has skimmed it once, skim it again ;  
 If at all they resemble him, you may be sure it is  
 Because their shoals mirror his mists and obscuri-  
                   ties,

As a mud-puddle seems deep as heaven for a min-  
                   ute,

While a cloud that floats o'er is reflected within it.

“ There comes ——, for instance ; to see him 's  
                   rare sport,

Tread in Emerson's tracks with legs painfully  
                   short ;

How he jumps, how he strains, and gets red in the  
                   face,

To keep step with the 'mystagogue's natural pace !

He follows as close as a stick to a rocket,

His fingers exploring the prophet's each pocket.

Fie, for shame, brother bard ; with good fruit of  
                   your own,

Can't you let Neighbor Emerson's orchards alone ?

Besides, 't is no use, you 'll not find e'en a core, —

—— has picked up all the windfalls before.

They might strip every tree, and E. never would  
                   catch 'em,

His Hesperides have no rude dragon to watch 'em ;

When they send him a dishful, and ask him to try  
                   'em,

He never suspects how the sly rogues came by  
                   'em ;

He wonders why 't is there are none such his trees  
                   on,

And thinks 'em the best he has tasted this season.

“Yonder, calm as a cloud, Alcott stalks in a  
dream,  
And fancies himself in thy groves, Academe,  
With the Parthenon nigh, and the olive-trees o’er  
him,  
And never a fact to perplex him or bore him,  
With a snug room at Plato’s when night comes, to  
walk to,  
And people from morning till midnight to talk to,  
And from midnight till morning, nor snore in their  
listening; —  
So he muses, his face with the joy of it glistening,  
For his highest conceit of a happiest state is  
Where they’d live upon acorns, and hear him talk  
gratis;  
And indeed, I believe, no man ever talked bet-  
ter, —  
Each sentence hangs perfectly poised to a letter;  
He seems piling words, but there’s royal dust hid  
In the heart of each sky-piercing pyramid.  
While he talks he is great, but goes out like a  
taper,  
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink, and pa-  
per;  
Yet his fingers itch for ’em from morning till night,  
And he thinks he does wrong if he don’t always  
write;  
In this, as in all things, a lamb among men,  
He goes to sure death when he goes to his pen.

“Close behind him is Brownson, his mouth very  
full

With attempting to gulp a Gregorian bull ;  
Who contrives, spite of that, to pour out as he goes  
A stream of transparent and forcible prose ;  
He shifts quite about, then proceeds to expound  
That 't is merely the earth, not himself, that turns  
round,

And wishes it clearly impressed on your mind  
That the weathercock rules and not follows the  
wind ;

Proving first, then as deftly confuting each side,  
With no doctrine pleased that 's not somewhere de-  
nied,

He lays the denier away on the shelf,  
And then — down beside him lies gravely himself.  
He 's the Salt River boatman, who always stands  
willing

To convey friend or foe without charging a shill-  
ing,

And so fond of the trip that, when leisure 's to  
spare,

He 'll row himself up, if he can't get a fare.

The worst of it is, that his logic 's so strong,  
That of two sides he commonly chooses the wrong ;  
If there *is* only one, why, he 'll split it in two,  
And first pummel this half, then that, black and  
blue.

That white 's white needs no proof, but it takes a  
deep fellow

To prove it jet-black, and that jet-black is yellow.  
He offers the true faith to drink in a sieve, —  
When it reaches your lips there 's naught left to  
believe



But a few silly- (sylo-, I mean,) -gisms that  
 squat 'em  
 Like tadpoles, o'erjoyed with the mud at the bot-  
 tom.

“ There is Willis, all *natty* and jaunty and gay,  
 Who says his best things in so foppish a way,  
 With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlay-  
 ing 'em,  
 That one hardly knows whether to thank him for  
 saying 'em ;  
 Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,  
 Just conceive of a Muse with a ring in her nose !  
 His prose had a natural grace of its own,  
 And enough of it, too, if he 'd let it alone ;  
 But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,  
 And is forced to forgive where one might have ad-  
 mired ;  
 Yet whenever it slips away free and unlaced,  
 It runs like a stream with a musical waste,  
 And gurgles along with the liquidest sweep ; —  
 'T is not deep as a river, but who 'd have it deep ?  
 In a country where scarcely a village is found  
 That has not its author sublime and profound,  
 For some one to be slightly shallow 's a duty,  
 And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty.  
 His prose winds along with a blithe, gurgling error,  
 And reflects all of Heaven it can see in its mirror :  
 'T is a narrowish strip, but it is not an artifice ;  
 'T is the true out-of-doors with its genuine hearty  
 phiz ;  
 It is Nature herself ; and there 's something in that,

Since most brains reflect but the crown of a hat.  
 Few volumes I know to read under a tree,  
 More truly delightful than his A l'Abri,  
 With the shadows of leaves flowing over your  
     book,  
 Like ripple-shades netting the bed of a brook ;  
 With June coming softly your shoulder to look  
     over,  
 Breezes waiting to turn every leaf of your book  
     over,  
 And Nature to criticise still as you read, —  
 The page that bears that is a rare one indeed.

“He’s so innate a cockney, that had he been  
     born  
 Where plain bare-skin’s the only full-dress that is  
     worn,  
 He’d have given his own such an air that you’d  
     say  
 ’T had been made by a tailor to lounge in Broad-  
     way.  
 His nature’s a glass of champagne with the foam  
     on’t,  
 As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont ;  
 So his best things are done in the flush of the mo-  
     ment ;  
 If he wait, all is spoiled ; he may stir it and  
     shake it,  
 But, the fixed air once gone, he can never re-  
     make it.  
 He might be a marvel of easy delightfulness,  
 If he would not sometimes leave the r out of  
     sprightfulness ;

And he ought to let Scripture alone — 't is self-  
slaughter,  
For nobody likes inspiration-and-water.  
He 'd have been just the fellow to sup at the Mer-  
maid,  
Cracking jokes at rare Ben, with an eye to the  
barmaid,  
His wit running up as Canary ran down, —  
The topmost bright bubble on the wave of The  
Town.

“Here comes Parker, the Orson of parsons, a  
man  
Whom the Church undertook to put under her  
ban  
(The Church of Socinus, I mean), — his opinions  
Being So- (ultra) -cinian, they shocked the So-  
cinians ;  
They believed — faith, I 'm puzzled — I think I  
may call  
Their belief a believing in nothing at all,  
Or something of that sort ; I know they all went  
For a general union of total dissent :  
He went a step farther ; without cough or hem,  
He frankly avowed he believed not in them ;  
And, before he could be jumbled up or prevented,  
From their orthodox kind of dissent he dissented.  
There was heresy here, you perceive, for the right  
Of privately judging means simply that light  
Has been granted to *me*, for deciding on *you* ;  
And in happier times, before Atheism grew,  
The deed contained clauses for cooking you too :

Now at Xerxes and Knut we all laugh, yet our  
foot

With the same wave is wet that mocked Xerxes  
and Knut,

And we all entertain a secure private notion,  
That our *Thus far!* will have a great weight with  
the ocean.

'T was so with our liberal Christians: they bore  
With sincerest conviction their chairs to the shore;  
They brandished their worn theological birches,  
Bade natural progress keep out of the Churches,  
And expected the lines they had drawn to prevail  
With the fast-rising tide to keep out of their pale;  
They had formerly dammed the Pontifical See,  
And the same thing, they thought, would do nicely  
for P.;

But he turned up his nose at their mumming and  
shamming,

And cared (shall I say?) not a d—— for their  
damming;

So they first read him out of their church, and next  
minute

Turned round and declared he had never been in it.  
But the ban was too small or the man was too  
big,

For he recks not their bells, books, and candles a  
fig

(He scarce looks like a man who would *stay*  
treated shabbily,

Sophoniscus' son's head o'er the features of Rabe-  
lais); —

He bangs and bethwacks them, — their backs he  
salutes

With the whole tree of knowledge torn up by the  
roots ;

His sermons with satire are plenteously verjuiced,  
And he talks in one breath of Confutzee, Cass,  
Zerduscht,

Jack Robinson, Peter the Hermit, Strap, Dathan,  
Cush, Pitt (not the bottomless, *that* he 's no faith  
in),

Pan, Pillicock, Shakespeare, Paul, Toots, Monsieur  
Tonson,

Aldebaran, Alcander, Ben Khorat, Ben Jonson,  
Thoth, Richter, Joe Smith, Father Paul, Judah  
Monis,

Musæus, Muretus, *hem*, —  $\mu$  Scorpionis,  
Maccabee, Maccaboy, Mac — Mac — ah ! Machia-  
velli,

Condorcet, Count d'Orsay, Conder, Say, Ganga-  
nelli,

Orion, O'Connell, the Chevalier D'O,  
(See the Memoirs of Sully,) *το παν*, the great toe  
Of the statue of Jupiter, now made to pass  
For that of Jew Peter by good Romish brass,  
(You may add for yourselves, for I find it a bore,  
All the names you have ever, or not, heard be-  
fore,

And when you 've done that — why, invent a few  
more.)

His hearers can't tell you on Sunday beforehand,  
If in that day's discourse they 'll be Bibled or  
Koraned,

For he 's seized the idea (by his martyrdom fired)  
That all men (not orthodox) *may be* inspired ;

Yet though wisdom profane with his creed he may  
weave in,

He makes it quite clear what he *does n't* believe in,  
While some, who decry him, think all Kingdom  
Come

Is a sort of a, kind of a, species of Hum,  
Of which, as it were, so to speak, not a crumb  
Would be left, if we did n't keep carefully mum,  
And, to make a clean breast, that 't is perfectly  
plain

That *all* kinds of wisdom are somewhat profane ;  
Now P.'s creed than this may be lighter or darker,  
But in one thing, 't is clear, he has faith, namely —  
Parker ;

And this is what makes him the crowd-drawing  
preacher,

There 's a background of god to each hard-working  
feature,

Every word that he speaks has been fierily fur-  
naced

In the blast of a life that has struggled in earnest :  
There he stands, looking more like a ploughman  
than priest,

If not dreadfully awkward, not graceful at least,  
His gestures all downright and same, if you will,  
As of brown-fisted Hobnail in hoeing a drill ;  
But his periods fall on you, stroke after stroke,  
Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak,  
You forget the man wholly, you're thankful to  
meet

With a preacher who smacks of the field and the  
street,

And to hear, you're not over-particular whence,  
Almost Taylor's profusion, quite Latimer's sense.

“There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,

As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignifed,  
Save when by reflection 't is kindled o' nights  
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern  
Lights.

He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your  
nation

(There's no doubt that he stands in supreme ice-  
olation),

Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,  
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal  
on, —

He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal  
on :

Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he  
has 'em,

But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm ;  
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,  
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

“He is very nice reading in summer, but *inter*  
*Nos*, we don't want *extra* freezing in winter ;  
Take him up in the depth of July, my advice is,  
When you feel an Egyptian devotion to ices.  
But, deduct all you can, there's enough that's  
right good in him,  
He has a true soul for field, river, and wood in  
him ;

And his heart, in the midst of brick walls, or  
 where'er it is,  
 Glows, softens, and thrills with the tenderest char-  
 ities —

To you mortals that delve in this trade-ridden  
 planet?

No, to old Berkshire's hills, with their limestone  
 and granite.

If you're one who *in loco* (add *foco* here) *desipis*,  
 You will get of his outermost heart (as I guess) a  
 piece;

But you'd get deeper down if you came as a pre-  
 cipice,

And would break the last seal of its inwardest  
 fountain,

If you only could palm yourself off for a mountain.

Mr. Quivis, or somebody quite as discerning,  
 Some scholar who's hourly expecting his learning,  
 Calls B. the American Wordsworth; but Words-  
 worth

May be rated at more than your whole tuneful  
 herd's worth.

No, don't be absurd, he's an excellent Bryant;  
 But, my friends, you'll endanger the life of your  
 client,

By attempting to stretch him up into a giant:  
 If you choose to compare him, I think there are  
 two per-

-sons fit for a parallel — Thompson and Cowper;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> To demonstrate quickly and easily how per-  
 -versely absurd 't is to sound this name *Cowper*,  
 As people in general call him named *super*,  
 I remark that he rhymes it himself with horse-trooper.



I don't mean exactly, — there 's something of each,  
There 's T.'s love of nature, C.'s penchant to  
preach ;

Just mix up their minds so that C.'s spice of crazi-  
ness

Shall balance and neutralize T.'s turn for laziness,  
And it gives you a brain cool, quite frictionless,  
quiet,

Whose internal police nips the buds of all riot, —  
A brain like a permanent strait-jacket put on  
The heart that strives vainly to burst off a but-  
ton, —

A brain which, without being slow or mechanic,  
Does more than a larger less drilled, more volcanic ;  
He 's a Cowper condensed, with no craziness bitten,  
And the advantage that Wordsworth before him  
had written.

“But, my dear little bardlings, don't prick up  
your ears

Nor suppose I would rank you and Bryant as  
peers ;

If I call him an iceberg, I don't mean to say  
There is nothing in that which is grand in its way ;  
He is almost the one of your poets that knows  
How much grace, strength, and dignity lie in Re-  
pose ;

If he sometimes fall short, he is too wise to mar  
His thought's modest fulness by going too far ;  
'T would be well if your authors should all make a  
trial

Of what virtue there is in severe self-denial,

And measure their writings by Hesiod's staff,  
Which teaches that all has less value than half.

“There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart  
Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart,  
And reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,  
Underneath the bemummying wrappers of sect ;  
There was ne'er a man born who had more of the swing,  
Of the true lyric bard and all that kind of thing ;  
And his failures arise (though he seem not to know it)  
From the very same cause that has made him a poet, —  
A fervor of mind which knows no separation  
'Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration,  
As my Pythoness erst sometimes erred from not knowing  
If 't were I or mere wind through her tripod was blowing ;  
Let his mind once get head in its favorite direction  
And the torrent of verse bursts the dams of reflection,  
While, borne with the rush of the metre along,  
The poet may chance to go right or go wrong,  
Content with the whirl and delirium of song ;  
Then his grammar's not always correct, nor his rhymes,  
And he's prone to repeat his own lyrics sometimes,

Not his best, though, for those are struck off at  
white-heats

When the heart in his breast like a trip-hammer  
beats,

And can ne'er be repeated again any more  
Than they could have been carefully plotted be-  
fore :

Like old what's-his-name there at the battle of  
Hastings

(Who, however, gave more than mere rhythmical  
bastings),

Our Quaker leads off metaphorical fights  
For reform and whatever they call human rights,

Both singing and striking in front of the war,

And hitting his foes with the mallet of Thor ;

*Anne haec*, one exclaims, on beholding his knocks,

*Vestis filii tui*, O leather-clad Fox ?

Can that be thy son, in the battle's mid din,

Preaching brotherly love and then driving it in

To the brain of the tough old Goliath of sin,

With the smoothest of pebbles from Castaly's  
spring

Impressed on his hard moral sense with a sling ?

“ All honor and praise to the right-hearted  
bard

Who was true to The Voice when such service was  
hard,

Who himself was so free he dared sing for the  
slave

When to look but a protest in silence was brave ;

All honor and praise to the women and men

Who spoke out for the dumb and the down-trodden  
then!

It needs not to name them, already for each  
I see History preparing the statue and niche;  
They were harsh, but shall *you* be so shocked at  
hard words

Who have beaten your pruning-hooks up into  
swords,

Whose rewards and hurrahs men are surer to  
gain

By the reaping of men and of women than grain?  
Why should *you* stand aghast at their fierce wordy  
war, if

You scalp one another for Bank or for Tariff?  
Your calling them cut-throats and knaves all day  
long

Does n't prove that the use of hard language is  
wrong;

While the World's heart beats quicker to think of  
such men

As signed Tyranny's doom with a bloody steel-pen,  
While on Fourth-of-Julys beardless orators fright  
one

With hints at Harmodius and Aristogeiton,  
You need not look shy at your sisters and brothers  
Who stab with sharp words for the freedom of  
others;—

No, a wreath, twine a wreath for the loyal and true  
Who, for sake of the many, dared stand with the  
few,

Not of blood-spattered laurel for enemies braved,  
But of broad, peaceful oak-leaves for citizens saved!

“ Here comes Dana, abstractedly loitering along,  
Involved in a paulo-post-future of song,  
Who 'll be going to write what 'll never be written  
Till the Muse, ere he think of it, gives him the  
mitten, —

Who is so well aware of how things should be  
done,

That his own works displease him before they're  
begun, —

Who so well all that makes up good poetry knows,  
That the best of his poems is written in prose ;  
All saddled and bridled stood Pegasus waiting,  
He was booted and spurred, but he loitered debat-  
ing ;

In a very grave question his soul was immersed, —  
Which foot in the stirrup he ought to put first ;  
And, while this point and that he judicially dwelt  
on,

He, somehow or other, had written Paul Felton,  
Whose beauties or faults, whichever you see  
there,

You 'll allow only genius could hit upon either.  
That he once was the Idle Man none will deplore,  
But I fear he will never be anything more ;  
The ocean of song heaves and glitters before him,  
The depth and the vastness and longing sweep o'er  
him,

He knows every breaker and shoal on the chart,  
He has the Coast Pilot and so on by heart,  
Yet he spends his whole life, like the man in the  
fable,

In learning to swim on his library-table.

“There swaggers John Neal, who has wasted in  
Maine  
The sinews and cords of his pugilist brain,  
Who might have been poet, but that, in its stead,  
he  
Preferred to believe that he was so already ;  
Too hasty to wait till Art’s ripe fruit should drop,  
He must pelt down an unripe and colicky crop ;  
Who took to the law, and had this sterling plea  
for it,  
It required him to quarrel, and paid him a fee  
for it ;  
A man who’s made less than he might have, be-  
cause  
He always has thought himself more than he  
was, —  
Who, with very good natural gifts as a bard,  
Broke the strings of his lyre out by striking too  
hard,  
And cracked half the notes of a truly fine voice,  
Because song drew less instant attention than  
noise.  
Ah, men do not know how much strength is in  
poise,  
That he goes the farthest who goes far enough,  
And that all beyond that is just bother and stuff.  
No vain man matures, he makes too much new  
wood ;  
His blooms are too thick for the fruit to be good ;  
'T is the modest man ripens, 't is he that achieves,  
Just what’s needed of sunshine and shade he re-  
ceives ;

Grapes, to mellow, require the cool dark of their  
leaves ;

Neal wants balance ; he throws his mind always  
too far,

Whisking out flocks of comets, but never a star ;  
He has so much muscle, and loves so to show it,  
That he strips himself naked to prove he 's a poet,  
And, to show he could leap Art's wide ditch, if he  
tried,

Jumps clean o'er it, and into the hedge t' other  
side.

He has strength, but there 's nothing about him in  
keeping ;

One gets surelier onward by walking than leaping ;  
He has used his own sinews himself to distress,

And had done vastly more had he done vastly less ;  
In letters, too soon is as bad as too late ;

Could he only have waited he might have been  
great ;

But he plumped into Helicon up to the waist,  
And muddied the stream ere he took his first taste.

“ There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking  
and rare

That you hardly at first see the strength that is  
there ;

A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,  
So earnest, so graceful, so lithe and so fleet,

Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet ;

'T is as if a rough oak that for ages had stood,  
With his gnarled bony branches like ribs of the  
wood,

Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,  
 With a single anemone trembly and rathe ;  
 His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek,  
 That a suitable parallel sets one to seek, —  
 He 's a John Bunyan Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck ;  
 When Nature was shaping him, clay was not  
                   granted  
 For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,  
 So, to fill out her model, a little she spared  
 From some finer-grained stuff for a woman pre-  
                   pared,  
 And she could not have hit a more excellent plan  
 For making him fully and perfectly man.  
 The success of her scheme gave her so much de-  
                   light,  
 That she tried it again, shortly after, in Dwight ;  
 Only, while she was kneading and shaping the  
                   clay,  
 She sang to her work in her sweet childish way,  
 And found, when she 'd put the last touch to his  
                   soul,  
 That the music had somehow got mixed with the  
                   whole.

“Here 's Cooper, who 's written six volumes to  
                   show  
 He 's as good as a lord : well, let 's grant that he 's  
                   so ;  
 If a person prefer that description of praise,  
 Why, a coronet 's certainly cheaper than bays ;  
 But he need take no pains to convince us he 's not  
 (As his enemies say) the American Scott.



Choose any twelve men, and let C. read aloud  
That one of his novels of which he's most proud,  
And I'd lay any bet that, without ever quitting  
Their box, they'd be all, to a man, for acquitting.  
He has drawn you one character, though, that is

new,

One wildflower he's plucked that is wet with the  
dew

Of this fresh Western world, and, the thing not to  
mince,

He has done naught but copy it ill ever since ;  
His Indians, with proper respect be it said,  
Are just Natty Bumppo, daubed over with red,  
And his very Long Toms are the same useful Nat,  
Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'wester hat  
(Though once in a Coffin, a good chance was found  
To have slipped the old fellow away underground).  
All his other men-figures are clothes upon sticks,  
The *dernière chemise* of a man in a fix  
(As a captain besieged, when his garrison's small,  
Sets up caps upon poles to be seen o'er the wall) ;  
And the women he draws from one model don't

vary,

All sappy as maples and flat as a prairie.  
When a character's wanted, he goes to the task  
As a cooper would do in composing a cask ;  
He picks out the staves, of their qualities heedful,  
Just hoops them together as tight as is needful,  
And, if the best fortune should crown the attempt,  
he

Has made at the most something wooden and  
empty.

"Don't suppose I would underrate Cooper's abilities ;  
 If I thought you 'd do that, I should feel very ill  
 at ease ;  
 The men who have given to *one* character life  
 And objective existence are not very rife ;  
 You may number them all, both prose-writers and  
 singers,  
 Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers,  
 And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker  
 Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar.

"There is one thing in Cooper I like, too, and  
 that is  
 That on manners he lectures his countrymen gratis ;  
 Not precisely so either, because, for a rarity,  
 He is paid for his tickets in unpopularity.  
 Now he may overcharge his American pictures,  
 But you 'll grant there's a good deal of truth in  
 his strictures ;  
 And I honor the man who is willing to sink  
 Half his present repute for the freedom to think,  
 And, when he has thought, be his cause strong or  
 weak,  
 Will risk t' other half for the freedom to speak,  
 Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in  
 store,  
 Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower.

"There are truths you Americans need to be  
 told,  
 And it never 'll refute them to swagger and scold ;

John Bull, looking o'er the Atlantic, in choler  
At your aptness for trade, says you worship the  
dollar ;

But to scorn such eye-dollar-try 's what very few  
do,

And John goes to that church as often as you do.  
No matter what John says, don't try to outcrow  
him,

'T is enough to go quietly on and outgrow him ;  
Like most fathers, Bull hates to see Number One  
Displacing himself in the mind of his son,  
And detests the same faults in himself he 'd neg-  
lected

When he sees them again in his child's glass re-  
flected ;

To love one another you 're too like by half ;  
If he is a bull, you 're a pretty stout calf,  
And tear your own pasture for naught but to show  
What a nice pair of horns you 're beginning to  
grow.

“ There are one or two things I should just like  
to hint,

For you don't often get the truth told you in print ;  
The most of you (this is what strikes all beholders)  
Have a mental and physical stoop in the shoulders ;  
Though you ought to be free as the winds and the  
waves,

You've the gait and the manners of runaway  
slaves ;

Though you brag of your New World, you don't  
half believe in it ;

And as much of the Old as is possible weave in it ;  
 Your goddess of freedom, a tight, buxom girl,  
 With lips like a cherry and teeth like a pearl,  
 With eyes bold as Herë's, and hair floating free,  
 And full of the sun as the spray of the sea,  
 Who can sing at a husking or romp at a shearing,  
 Who can trip through the forests alone without  
     fearing,  
 Who can drive home the cows with a song through  
     the grass,  
 Keeps glancing aside into Europe's cracked glass,  
 Hides her red hands in gloves, pinches up her lithe  
     waist,  
 And makes herself wretched with transmarine  
     taste ;  
 She loses her fresh country charm when she takes  
 Any mirror except her own rivers and lakes.

"You steal Englishmen's books and think Eng-  
     lishmen's thought,  
 With their salt on her tail your wild eagle is  
     caught ;  
 Your literature suits its each whisper and motion  
 To what will be thought of it over the ocean ;  
 The cast clothes of Europe your statesmanship  
     tries  
 And mumbles again the old blarneys and lies ; —  
 Forget Europe wholly, your veins throb with blood,  
 To which the dull current in hers is but mud :  
 Let her sneer, let her say your experiment fails,  
 In her voice there's a tremble e'en now while she  
     rails,

And your shore will soon be in the nature of things  
Covered thick with gilt drift-wood of castaway  
kings,

Where alone, as it were in a Longfellow's Waif,  
Her fugitive pieces will find themselves safe.

O my friends, thank your god, if you have one,  
that he

'Twixt the Old World and you set the gulf of a  
sea ;

Be strong-backed, brown-handed, upright as your  
pines,

By the scale of a hemisphere shape your designs,  
Be true to yourselves and this new nineteenth age,  
As a statue by Powers, or a picture by Page,  
Plough, sail, forge, build, carve, paint, make all  
over new,

To your own New-World instincts contrive to be  
true,

Keep your ears open wide to the Future's first call,  
Be whatever you will, but yourselves first of all,  
Stand fronting the dawn on Toil's heaven-scaling  
peaks,

And become my new race of more practical  
Greeks. —

Hem ! your likeness at present, I shudder to tell  
o't,

Is that you have your slaves, and the Greek had  
his helot."

Here a gentleman present, who had in his attic  
More pepper than brains, shrieked, "The man's  
a fanatic,

I'm a capital tailor with warm tar and feathers,  
And will make him a suit that'll serve in all wea-  
thers ;

But we'll argue the point first, I'm willing to rea-  
son 't,

Palaver before condemnation's but decent ;  
So, through my humble person, Humanity begs  
Of the friends of true freedom a loan of bad eggs."

But Apollo let one such a look of his show forth  
As when ἦνι νύκτι ἐοικώς, and so forth,

And the gentleman somehow slunk out of the way,  
But, as he was going, gained courage to say, —

"At slavery in the abstract my whole soul rebels,  
I am as strongly opposed to 't as any one else."

"Ay, no doubt, but whenever I've happened to  
meet

With a wrong or a crime, it is always concrete,"

Answered Phœbus severely ; then turning to us,

"The mistake of such fellows as just made the fuss  
Is only in taking a great busy nation

For a part of their pitiful cotton-plantation. —

But there comes Miranda, Zeus ! where shall I flee  
to ?

She has such a penchant for bothering me too !

She always keeps asking if I don't observe a

Particular likeness 'twixt her and Minerva ;

She tells me my efforts in verse are quite clever ; —

She's been travelling now, and will be worse than  
ever ;

One would think, though, a sharp-sighted noter  
she'd be

Of all that's worth mentioning over the sea,

For a woman must surely see well, if she try,  
The whole of whose being's a capital I:  
She will take an old notion, and make it her  
own,

By saying it o'er in her Sibylline tone,  
Or persuade you 't is something tremendously deep,  
By repeating it so as to put you to sleep;  
And she well may defy any mortal to see through it,  
When once she has mixed up her infinite *me*  
through it.

There is one thing she owns in her own single  
right,

It is native and genuine — namely, her spite;  
Though, when acting as censor, she privately blows  
A censer of vanity 'neath her own nose."

Here Miranda came up, and said, "Phœbus!  
you know

That the Infinite Soul has its infinite woe,  
As I ought to know, having lived cheek by jowl,  
Since the day I was born, with the Infinite Soul;  
I myself introduced, I myself, I alone,  
To my Land's better life authors solely my own,  
Who the sad heart of earth on their shoulders have  
taken,

Whose works sound a depth by Life's quiet un-  
shaken,  
Such as Shakespeare, for instance, the Bible, and  
Bacon,  
Not to mention my own works; Time's nadir is  
fleet,

And, as for myself, I'm quite out of conceit —"

“Quite out of conceit! I’m enchanted to hear it,”

Cried Apollo aside. “Who’d have thought she was near it?”

To be sure, one is apt to exhaust those commodities  
One uses too fast, yet in this case as odd it is  
As if Neptune should say to his turbot and whitings,

‘I’m as much out of salt as Miranda’s own writings’

(Which, as she in her own happy manner has said,  
Sound a depth, for ’t is one of the functions of lead).

She often has asked me if I could not find  
A place somewhere near me that suited her mind;  
I know but a single one vacant, which she,  
With her rare talent that way, would fit to a T.  
And it would not imply any pause or cessation  
In the work she esteems her peculiar vocation,—  
She may enter on duty to-day, if she chooses,  
And remain Tiring-woman for life to the Muses.”

Miranda meanwhile has succeeded in driving  
Up into a corner, in spite of their striving,  
A small flock of terrified victims, and there,  
With an I-turn-the-crank-of-the-Universe air  
And a tone which, at least to *my* fancy, appears  
Not so much to be entering as boxing your ears,  
Is unfolding a tale (of herself, I surmise,  
For ’t is dotted as thick as a peacock’s with I’s).  
*Apropos* of Miranda, I’ll rest on my oars  
And drift through a trifling digression on bores,



For, though not wearing ear-rings *in more majorum*,

Our ears are kept bored just as if we still wore 'em.  
There was one feudal custom worth keeping, at least,

Roasted bores made a part of each well-ordered feast,

And of all quiet pleasures the very *ne plus*  
Was in hunting wild bores as the tame ones hunt us.  
Archæologists, I know, who have personal fears  
Of this wise application of hounds and of spears,  
Have tried to make out, with a zeal more than  
wonted,

'T was a kind of wild swine that our ancestors  
hunted;

But I'll never believe that the age which has  
strewn

Europe o'er with cathedrals, and otherwise shown  
That it knew what was what, could by chance not  
have known

(Spending, too, its chief time with its buff on, no  
doubt)

Which beast 't would improve the world most to  
thin out.

I divide bores myself, in the manner of rifles,  
Into two great divisions, regardless of trifles; —  
There's your smooth-bore and screw-bore, who do  
not much vary

In the weight of cold lead they respectively carry.  
The smooth-bore is one in whose essence the mind  
Not a corner nor cranny to cling by can find;  
You feel as in nightmares sometimes, when you slip

Down a steep slated roof, where there 's nothing to  
 grip;  
 You slide and you slide, the blank horror in-  
 creases, —  
 You had rather by far be at once smashed to  
 pieces;  
 You fancy a whirlpool below white and frothing,  
 And finally drop off and light upon — nothing.  
 The screw-bore has twists in him, faint predilections  
 For going just wrong in the tritest directions;  
 When he 's wrong he is flat, when he 's right he  
 can't show it,  
 He 'll tell you what Snooks said about the new  
 poet,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or how Fogrum was outraged by Tennyson's Prin-  
 cess;  
 He has spent all his spare time and intellect since  
 his  
 Birth in perusing, on each art and science,  
 Just the books in which no one puts any reliance,  
 And though *nemo*, we 're told, *horis omnibus sapit*,  
 The rule will not fit him, however you shape it,  
 For he has a perennial foison of sappiness;  
 He has just enough force to spoil half your day's  
 happiness,  
 And to make him a sort of mosquito to be with,  
 But just not enough to dispute or agree with.

These sketches I made (not to be too explicit)  
 From two honest fellows who made me a visit,

<sup>1</sup> (If you call Snooks an owl, he will show by his looks  
 That he 's morally certain you 're jealous of Snooks.)

And broke, like the tale of the Bear and the Fiddle,  
 My reflections on Halleck short off by the middle ;  
 I sha'n't now go into the subject more deeply,  
 For I notice that some of my readers look sleep'ly ;  
 I will barely remark that, 'mongst civilized nations,  
 There's none that displays more exemplary pa-  
 tience

Under all sorts of boring, at all sorts of hours,  
 From all sorts of desperate persons, than ours.  
 Not to speak of our papers, our State legislatures,  
 And other such trials for sensitive natures,  
 Just look for a moment at Congress, — appalled,  
 My fancy shrinks back from the phantom it  
 called ;

Why, there's scarcely a member unworthy to frown  
 'Neath what Fourier nicknames the Boreal crown ;  
 Only think what that infinite bore-pow'r could do  
 If applied with a utilitarian view ;  
 Suppose, for example, we shipped it with care  
 To Sahara's great desert and let it bore there ;  
 If they held one short session and did nothing else,  
 They'd fill the whole waste with Artesian wells.  
 But 't is time now with pen phonographic to follow  
 Through some more of his sketches our laughing  
 Apollo : —

“There comes Harry Franco, and, as he draws  
 near,  
 You find that's a smile which you took for a  
 sneer ;  
 One half of him contradicts t' other ; his wont  
 Is to say very sharp things and do very blunt ;

His manner 's as hard as his feelings are tender,  
 And a *sortie* he'll make when he means to surren-  
                   der ;

He's in joke half the time when he seems to be  
                   sternest,

When he seems to be joking, be sure he's in ear-  
                   nest ;

He has common sense in a way that's uncommon,  
 Hates humbug and cant, loves his friends like a  
                   woman,

Builds his dislikes of cards and his friendships of  
                   oak,

Loves a prejudice better than aught but a joke,  
 Is half upright Quaker, half downright Come-  
                   outer,

Loves Freedom too well to go stark mad about her,  
 Quite artless himself, is a lover of Art,

Shuts you out of his secrets and into his heart,  
 And though not a poet, yet all must admire

In his letters of Pinto his skill on the liar.

“ There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby  
                   Rudge,

Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer  
                   fudge,

Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,  
 In a way to make people of common sense damn  
                   metres,

Who has written some things quite the best of  
                   their kind,

But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by  
                   the mind,

Who — But hey-day! What's this? Messieurs  
Mathews and Poe,

You must n't fling mud-balls at Longfellow so,  
Does it make a man worse that his character's  
such

As to make his friends love him (as you think) too  
much?

Why, there is not a bard at this moment alive  
More willing than he that his fellows should  
thrive;

While you are abusing him thus, even now  
He would help either one of you out of a slough;  
You may say that he's smooth and all that till  
you're hoarse,

But remember that elegance also is force;  
After polishing granite as much as you will,  
The heart keeps its tough old persistency still;  
Deduct all you can, *that* still keeps you at bay;  
Why, he'll live till men weary of Collins and  
Gray.

I'm not over-fond of Greek metres in English,  
To me rhyme's a gain, so it be not too jinglish,  
And your modern hexameter verses are no more  
Like Greek ones than sleek Mr. Pope is like  
Homer;

As the roar of the sea to the coo of a pigeon is,  
So, compared to your moderns, sounds old Melesi-  
genes;

I may be too partial, the reason, perhaps, o't is  
That I've heard the old blind man recite his own  
rhapsodies,

And my ear with that music impregnate may be,

Like the poor exiled shell with the soul of the sea,  
Or as one can't bear Strauss when his nature is  
    cloven

To its deeps within deeps by the stroke of Beetho-  
    ven ;

But, set that aside, and 't is truth that I speak,  
Had Theocritus written in English, not Greek,  
I believe that his exquisite sense would scarce  
    change a line

In that rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral Evange-  
    line.

That 's not ancient nor modern, its place is apart  
Where time has no sway, in the realm of pure Art,  
'T is a shrine of retreat from Earth's hubbub and  
    strife

As quiet and chaste as the author's own life.

“ There comes Philothea, her face all aglow,  
She has just been dividing some poor creature's woe,  
And can't tell which pleases her most, to relieve  
His want, or his story to hear and believe ;  
No doubt against many deep griefs she prevails,  
For her ear is the refuge of destitute tales ;  
She knows well that silence is sorrow's best food,  
And that talking draws off from the heart its black  
    blood,

So she 'll listen with patience and let you unfold  
Your bundle of rags as 't were pure cloth of gold,  
Which, indeed, it all turns to as soon as she's  
    touched it,

And (to borrow a phrase from the nursery) *muched*  
    it ;

She has such a musical taste, she will go  
Any distance to hear one who draws a long bow ;  
She will swallow a wonder by mere might and  
main,

And thinks it Geometry's fault if she's fain  
To consider things flat, inasmuch as they're plain ;  
Facts with her are accomplished, as Frenchmen  
would say —

They will prove all she wishes them to either  
way, —

And, as fact lies on this side or that, we must try,  
If we're seeking the truth, to find where it don't lie ;  
I was telling her once of a marvellous aloe  
That for thousands of years had looked spindling  
and sallow,

And, though nursed by the fruitfulest powers of  
mud,

Had never vouchsafed e'en so much as a bud,  
Till its owner remarked (as a sailor, you know,  
Often will in a calm) that it never would blow,  
For he wished to exhibit the plant, and designed  
That its blowing should help him in raising the  
wind ;

At last it was told him that if he should water  
Its roots with the blood of his unmarried daughter  
(Who was born, as her mother, a Calvinist, said,  
With William Law's serious caul on her head),  
It would blow as the obstinate breeze did when by a  
Like decree of her father died Iphigenia ;  
At first he declared he himself would be blowed  
Ere his conscience with such a foul crime he would  
load,

But the thought, coming oft, grew less dark than  
before,

And he mused, as each creditor knocked at his  
door,

If *this* were but done they would dun me no more ;

I told Philothea his struggles and doubts,

And how he considered the ins and the outs

Of the visions he had, and the dreadful dyspepsy,

How he went to the seër that lives at Po'keepsie,

How the seër advised him to sleep on it first,

And to read his big volume in case of the worst,

And further advised he should pay him five dollars

For writing *Hum, Hum*, on his wristbands and col-  
lars ;

Three years and ten days these dark words he had  
studied

When the daughter was missed, and the aloe had  
budded ;

I told how he watched it grow large and more  
large,

And wondered how much for the show he should  
charge, —

She had listened with utter indifference to this,  
till

I told how it bloomed, and, discharging its pistil

With an aim the Eumenides dictated, shot

The botanical filicide dead on the spot ;

It had blown, but he reaped not his horrible gains,

For it blew with such force as to blow out his  
brains,

And the crime was blown also, because on the wad,

Which was paper, was writ ' Visitation of God,'



As well as a thrilling account of the deed  
Which the coroner kindly allowed me to read.

“ Well, my friend took this story up just, to be  
sure,  
As one might a poor foundling that 's laid at one's  
door ;  
She combed it and washed it and clothed it and  
fed it,  
And as if 't were her own child most tenderly bred  
it,  
Laid the scene (of the legend, I mean) far away a-  
mong the green vales underneath Himalaya,  
And by artist-like touches, laid on here and there,  
Made the whole thing so touching, I frankly de-  
clare  
I have read it all thrice, and, perhaps I am weak,  
But I found every time there were tears on my  
cheek.

•

“ The pole, science tells us, the magnet controls,  
But she is a magnet to emigrant Poles,  
And folks with a mission that nobody knows,  
Throng thickly about her as bees round a rose ;  
She can fill up the *carets* in such, make their scope  
Converge to some focus of rational hope,  
And, with sympathies fresh as the morning, their  
gall  
Can transmute into honey, — but this is not all ;  
Not only for those she has solace, oh say,  
Vice's desperate nursling adrift in Broadway,  
Who clingest, with all that is left of thee human,

To the last slender spar from the wreck of the  
woman,

Hast thou not found one shore where those tired  
drooping feet

Could reach firm mother-earth, one full heart on  
whose beat

The soothed head in silence reposing could hear

The chimes of far childhood throb back on the ear?

Ah, there's many a beam from the fountain of day

That, to reach us unclouded, must pass, on its way,

Through the soul of a woman, and hers is wide ope

To the influence of Heaven as the blue eyes of

Hope;

Yes, a great heart is hers, one that dares to go in

To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys of sin,

And to bring into each, or to find there, some line

Of the never completely out-trampled divine;

If her heart at high floods swamps her brain now  
and then,

'T is but richer for that when the tide ebbs agen,

As, after old Nile has subsided, his plain

Overflows with a second broad deluge of grain;

What a wealth would it bring to the narrow and  
sour

Could they be as a Child but for one little hour!

“What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart  
and fine brain,

You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,

And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there

Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;

Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,

I sha'n't run directly against my own preaching,  
 And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and  
 Dantes,

Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes ;  
 But allow me to speak what I honestly feel, —  
 To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,  
 Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,  
 With the whole of that partnership's stock and  
 good-will,

Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,  
 The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,  
 Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,  
 That only the finest and clearest remain,

Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives  
 From the warm lazy sun loitering down through  
 green leaves,

And you 'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserv-  
 ing

A name either English or Yankee, — just Irving.

“There goes, — but *stet nominis umbra*, — his  
 name

You 'll be glad enough, some day or other, to claim,  
 And will all crowd about him and swear that you  
 knew him

If some English critic should chance to review him.

The old *porcos ante ne projiciatis*

MARGARITAS, for him you have verified gratis ;

What matters his name ? Why, it may be Sylves-  
 ter,

Judd, Junior, or Junius, Ulysses, or Nestor,

For aught *I* know or care ; 't is enough that I look

On the author of 'Margaret,' the first Yankee book  
 With the *soul* of Down East in 't, and things farther  
 East,

As far as the threshold of morning, at least,  
 Where awaits the fair dawn of the simple and true,  
 Of the day that comes slowly to make all things  
 new.

'T has a smack of pine woods, of bare field and  
 bleak hill,

Such as only the breed of the Mayflower could till ;  
 The Puritan 's shown in it, tough to the core,  
 Such as prayed, smiting Agag on red Marston  
 Moor :

With an unwilling humor, half choked by the  
 drouth

In brown hollows about the inhospitable mouth ;  
 With a soul full of poetry, though it has qualms  
 About finding a happiness out of the Psalms ;  
 Full of tenderness, too, though it shrinks in the  
 dark,

Hamadryad-like, under the coarse, shaggy bark ;  
 That sees visions, knows wrestlings of God with  
 the Will,

And has its own Sinais and thunderings still."

Here, "Forgive me, Apollo," I cried, "while I  
 pour  
 My heart out to my birthplace : O loved more and  
 more  
 Dear Baystate, from whose rocky bosom thy sons  
 Should suck milk, strong-will-giving, brave, such  
 as runs

In the veins of old Graylock — who is it that dares  
Call thee pedler, a soul wrapped in bank-books and  
shares ?

It is false ! She 's a Poet ! I see, as I write,  
Along the far railroad the steam-snake glide white,  
The cataract-throb of her mill-hearts I hear,  
The swift strokes of trip-hammers weary my ear,  
Sledges ring upon anvils, through logs the saw  
screams,

Blocks swing to their place, beetles drive home the  
beams : —

It is songs such as these that she croons to the din  
Of her fast-flying shuttles, year out and year in  
While from earth's farthest corner there comes not  
a breeze

But wafts her the buzz of her gold-gleaning bees :  
What though those horn hands have as yet found  
small time

For painting and sculpture and music and rhyme ?  
These will come in due order ; the need that pressed  
sorest

Was to vanquish the seasons, the ocean, the forest,  
To bridle and harness the rivers, the steam,  
Making those whirl her mill-wheels, this tug in her  
team,

To vassalize old tyrant Winter, and make  
Him delve surlily for her on river and lake ; —  
When this New World was parted, she strove not  
to shirk

Her lot in the heirdom, the tough, silent Work,  
The hero-share ever, from Herakles down  
To Odin, the Earth's iron sceptre and crown :

Yes, thou dear, noble Mother! if ever men's  
praise

Could be claimed for creating heroical lays,

Thou hast won it; if ever the laurel divine

Crowned the Maker and Builder, that glory is  
thine!

Thy songs are right epic, they tell how this rude

Rock-rib of our earth here was tamed and subdued;

Thou hast written them plain on the face of the  
planet

In brave, deathless letters of iron and granite;

Thou hast printed them deep for all time; they are  
set

From the same runic type-fount and alphabet

With thy stout Berkshire hills and the arms of thy  
Bay, —

They are staves from the burly old Mayflower lay.

If the drones of the Old World, in querulous ease,

Ask thy Art and thy Letters, point proudly to  
these,

Or, if they deny these are Letters and Art,

Toil on with the same old invincible heart;

Thou art rearing the pedestal broad-based and  
grand

Whereon the fair shapes of the Artist shall stand,

And creating, through labors undaunted and long,

The theme for all Sculpture and Painting and  
Song!

“But my good mother Baystate wants no praise  
of mine,

She learned from *her* mother a precept divine

About something that butters no parsnips, her  
*forte*

In another direction lies, work is her sport  
(Though she'll curtsy and set her cap straight,  
that she will,

If you talk about Plymouth and red Bunker's  
hill).

Dear, notable goodwife! by this time of night,  
Her hearth is swept neatly, her fire burning  
bright,

And she sits in a chair (of home plan and make)  
rocking,

Musing much, all the while, as she darns on a  
stocking,

Whether turkeys will come pretty high next  
Thanksgiving,

Whether flour 'll be so dear, for, as sure as she's  
living,

She will use rye-and-injun then, whether the pig  
By this time ain't got pretty tolerable big,  
And whether to sell it outright will be best,  
Or to smoke hams and shoulders and salt down  
the rest, —

At this minute, she'd swop all my verses, ah,  
cruel!

For the last patent stove that is saving of fuel ;  
So I'll just let Apollo go on, for his phiz  
Shows I've kept him awaiting too long as it is."

"If our friend, there, who seems a reporter, is  
done

With his burst of emotion, why, *I* will go on,"

Said Apollo ; some smiled, and, indeed, I must  
own  
There was something sarcastic, perhaps, in his  
tone ; —

“ There ’s Holmes, who is matchless among you  
for wit ;  
A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit  
The electrical tingles of hit after hit ;  
In long poems ’t is painful sometimes, and in-  
vites  
A thought of the way the new Telegraph writes,  
Which pricks down its little sharp sentences spite-  
fully  
As if you got more than you ’d title to rightfully,  
And you find yourself hoping its wild father  
Lightning  
Would flame in for a second and give you a  
fright’ning.  
He has perfect sway of what *I* call a sham metre,  
But many admire it, the English pentameter,  
And Campbell, I think, wrote most commonly  
worse,  
With less nerve, swing, and fire in the same kind  
of verse,  
Nor e’er achieved aught in ’t so worthy of praise  
As the tribute of Holmes to the grand *Marseil-  
laise*.  
You went crazy last year over Bulwer’s New  
Timon ; —  
Why, if B., to the day of his dying, should rhyme  
on,



Heaping verses on verses and tomes upon tomes,  
He could ne'er reach the best point and vigor of  
Holmes.

His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a  
lyric

Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satiric  
In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes  
That are trodden upon are your own or your foes'.

“There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to  
climb  
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with  
rhyme,  
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and  
boulders,  
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoul-  
ders,  
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reach-  
ing  
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and  
preaching ;  
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty  
well,  
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,  
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,  
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem.

“There goes Halleck, whose Fanny's a pseudo  
Don Juan,  
With the wickedness out that gave salt to the true  
one,  
He's a wit, though, I hear, of the very first order,

And once made a pun on the words soft Recorder ;  
 More than this, he 's a very great poet, I 'm told,  
 And has had his works published in crimson and  
     gold,

With something they call ' Illustrations, ' to wit,  
 Like those with which Chapman obscured Holy  
     Writ,<sup>1</sup>

Which are said to illustrate, because, as I view it,  
 Like *lucus a non*, they precisely don't do it ;  
 Let a man who can write what himself understands  
 Keep clear, if he can, of designing men's hands,  
 Who bury the sense, if there 's any worth having,  
 And then very honestly call it engraving.

But, to quit *badinage*, which there is n't much wit  
     in,

Halleck 's better, I doubt not, than all he has writ-  
     ten ;

In his verse a clear glimpse you will frequently  
     find,

If not of a great, of a fortunate mind,  
 Which contrives to be true to its natural loves  
 In a world of back-offices, ledgers, and stoves.  
 When his heart breaks away from the brokers and  
     banks,

And kneels in his own private shrine to give  
     thanks,

There 's a genial manliness in him that earns  
 Our sincerest respect (read, for instance, his  
     ' Burns '),

And we can't but regret (seek excuse where we may)  
 That so much of a man has been peddled away.

<sup>1</sup> (Cuts rightly called wooden, as all must admit.)

“ But what’s that? a mass-meeting? No, there  
    come in lots,  
The American Bulwers, Disraelis, and Scotts,  
And in short the American everything elses,  
Each charging the others with envies and jealous-  
    ies ; —  
By the way, ’t is a fact that displays what profu-  
    sions  
Of all kinds of greatness bless free institutions,  
That while the Old World has produced barely  
    eight  
Of such poets as all men agree to call great,  
And of other great characters hardly a score  
(One might safely say less than that rather than  
    more),  
With you every year a whole crop is begotten,  
They’re as much of a staple as corn is, or cotton ;  
Why, there’s scarcely a huddle of log-huts and  
    shanties  
That has not brought forth its own Miltons and  
    Dantes ;  
I myself know ten Byrons, one Coleridge, three  
    Shelleys,  
Two Raphaels, six Titians, (I think) one Apelles,  
Leonardos and Rubenses plenty as lichens,  
One (but that one is plenty) American Dickens,  
A whole flock of Lambs, any number of Tenny-  
    sons, —  
In short, if a man has the luck to have any sons,  
He may feel pretty certain that one out of twain  
Will be some very great person over again.  
There is one inconvenience in all this, which lies

In the fact that by contrast we estimate size,<sup>1</sup>  
 And, where there are none except Titans, great  
     stature  
 Is only the normal proceeding of nature.  
 What puff the strained sails of your praise will you  
     furl at, if  
 The calmest degree that you know is superlative ?  
 At Rome, all whom Charon took into his wherry  
     must,  
 As a matter of course, be well *issimust* and *erri-*  
     *must*,  
 A Greek, too, could feel, while in that famous boat  
     he tost,  
 That his friends would take care he was *ιστοστ* and  
     *ωρατοστ*,  
 And formerly we, as through graveyards we past,  
 Thought the world went from bad to worst fear-  
     fully fast ;  
 Let us glance for a moment, 't is well worth the  
     pains,  
 And note what an average graveyard contains ;  
 There lie levellers levelled, duns done up them-  
     selves,  
 There are booksellers finally laid on their shelves,  
 Horizontally there lie upright politicians,  
 Dose-a-dose with their patients sleep faultless phy-  
     sicians,  
 There are slave-drivers quietly whipped under-  
     ground,

<sup>1</sup> That is in most cases we do, but not all,  
 Past a doubt, there are men who are innately small,  
 Such as Blank, who, without being 'minished a tittle,  
 Might stand for a type of the Absolute Little.

There bookbinders, done up in boards, are fast bound,

There card-players wait till the last trump be played,

There all the choice spirits get finally laid,

There the babe that's unborn is supplied with a berth,

There men without legs get their six feet of earth,

There lawyers repose, each wrapped up in his case,

There seekers of office are sure of a place,

There defendant and plaintiff get equally cast,

There shoemakers quietly stick to the last,

There brokers at length become silent as stocks,

There stage-drivers sleep without quitting their box,

And so forth and so forth and so forth and so on,

With this kind of stuff one might endlessly go on ;

To come to the point, I may safely assert you

Will find in each yard every cardinal virtue ;<sup>1</sup>

Each has six truest patriots : four discoverers of ether,

Who never had thought on't nor mentioned it either ;

Ten poets, the greatest who ever wrote rhyme :

Two hundred and forty first men of their time :

One person whose portrait just gave the least hint

Its original had a most horrible squint :

One critic, most (what do they call it?) reflective,

Who never had used the phrase ob- or subjective :

Forty fathers of Freedom, of whom twenty bred

<sup>1</sup> (And at this just conclusion will surely arrive,  
That the goodness of earth is more dead than alive.)

Their sons for the rice-swamps, at so much a head,  
 And their daughters for — faugh! thirty mothers  
 of Gracchi :

Non-resistants who gave many a spiritual black-  
 eye :

Eight true friends of their kind, one of whom was  
 a jailer :

Four captains almost as astounding as Taylor :

Two dozen of Italy's exiles who shoot us his

Kaisership daily, stern pen-and-ink Brutuses,

Who, in Yankee back-parlors, with crucified smile,<sup>1</sup>

Mount serenely their country's funereal pile :

Ninety-nine Irish heroes, ferocious rebellers

'Gainst the Saxon in cis-marine garrets and cellars,

Who shake their dread fists o'er the sea and all  
 that, —

As long as a copper drops into the hat :

Nine hundred Teutonic republicans stark

From Vaterland's battles just won — in the Park,

Who the happy profession of martyrdom take

Whenever it gives them a chance at a steak :

Sixty-two second Washingtons : two or three Jack-  
 sons :

And so many everythings-else that it racks one's

Poor memory too much to continue the list,

Especially now they no longer exist ; —

I would merely observe that you've taken to giving

The puffs that belong to the dead to the living,

And that somehow your trump-of-contemporary-  
 doom's tones

Is tuned after old dedications and tomb-stones."

<sup>1</sup> Not forgetting their tea and their toast, though, the while.

Here the critic came in and a thistle presented —<sup>1</sup>  
 From a frown to a smile the god's features relented,  
 As he stared at his envoy, who, swelling with pride,  
 To the god's asking look, nothing daunted, re-  
 plied, —

“You're surprised, I suppose, I was absent so long,  
 But your godship respecting the lilies was wrong ;  
 I hunted the garden from one end to t'other,  
 And got no reward but vexation and bother,  
 Till, tossed out with weeds in a corner to wither,  
 This one lily I found and made haste to bring  
 hither.”

“Did he think I had given him a book to re-  
 view ?

I ought to have known what the fellow would do,”  
 Muttered Phœbus aside, “for a thistle will pass  
 Beyond doubt for the queen of all flowers with an  
 ass ;

He has chosen in just the same way as he'd choose  
 His specimens out of the books he reviews ;  
 And now, as this offers an excellent text,  
 I'll give 'em some brief hints on criticism next.”  
 So, musing a moment, he turned to the crowd,  
 And, clearing his voice, spoke as follows aloud : —

“My friends, in the happier days of the muse,  
 We were luckily free from such things as reviews ;  
 Then naught came between with its fog to make  
 clearer

<sup>1</sup> Turn back now to page — goodness only knows what,  
 And take a fresh hold on the thread of my plot.

The heart of the poet to that of his hearer ;  
Then the poet brought heaven to the people, and  
they  
Felt that they, too, were poets in hearing his lay ;  
Then the poet was prophet, the past in his soul  
Precreated the future, both parts of one whole ;  
Then for him there was nothing too great or too  
small,  
For one natural deity sanctified all ;  
Then the bard owned no clipper and meter of  
moods  
Save the spirit of silence that hovers and broods  
O'er the seas and the mountains, the rivers and  
woods ;  
He asked not earth's verdict, forgetting the clods,  
His soul soared and sang to an audience of gods ;  
'T was for them that he measured the thought and  
the line,  
And shaped for their vision the perfect design,  
With as glorious a foresight, a balance as true,  
As swung out the worlds in the infinite blue ;  
Then a glory and greatness invested man's heart,  
The universal, which now stands estranged and  
apart,  
In the free individual moulded, was Art ;  
Then the forms of the Artist seemed thrilled with  
desire  
For something as yet unattained, fuller, higher,  
As once with her lips, lifted hands, and eyes listen-  
ing,  
And her whole upward soul in her countenance  
glistening,



Eurydice stood — like a beacon unfired,  
Which, once touched with flame, will leap heav'n-  
ward inspired —

And waited with answering kindle to mark  
The first gleam of Orpheus that pained the red  
Dark.

Then painting, song, sculpture did more than re-  
lieve

The need that men feel to create and believe,  
And as, in all beauty, who listens with love  
Hears these words oft repeated — ‘beyond and  
above,’

So these seemed to be but the visible sign  
Of the grasp of the soul after things more divine;  
They were ladders the Artist erected to climb  
O'er the narrow horizon of space and of time,  
And we see there the footsteps by which men had  
gained

To the one rapturous glimpse of the never-attained,  
As shepherds could erst sometimes trace in the sod  
The last spurning print of a sky-cleaving god.

“ But now, on the poet's dis-privacied moods  
With *do this* and *do that* the pert critic intrudes ;  
While he thinks he's been barely fulfilling his  
duty

To interpret 'twixt men and their own sense of  
beauty,

And has striven, while others sought honor or pelf,  
To make his kind happy as he was himself,  
He finds he's been guilty of horrid offences  
In all kinds of moods, numbers, genders, and  
tenses ;

He 's been *ob* and *subjective*, what Kettle calls Pot,  
 Precisely, at all events, what he ought not,  
*You have done this*, says one judge ; *done that*,  
                   says another ;  
*You should have done this*, grumbles one ; *that*,  
                   says 't other ;  
 Never mind what he touches, one shrieks out *Ta-*  
                   *boo !*  
 And while he is wondering what he shall do,  
 Since each suggests opposite topics for song,  
 They all shout together *you 're right !* and *you 're*  
                   *wrong !*

“ Nature fits all her children with something to  
                   do,  
 He who would write and can't write can surely  
                   review,  
 Can set up a small booth as critic and sell us his  
 Petty conceit and his pettier jealousies ;  
 Thus a lawyer's apprentice, just out of his teens,  
 Will do for the Jeffrey of six magazines ;  
 Having read Johnson's lives of the poets half  
                   through,  
 There's nothing on earth he 's not competent to ;  
 He reviews with as much nonchalance as he whis-  
                   tles, —  
 He goes through a book and just picks out the  
                   thistles ;  
 It matters not whether he blame or commend,  
 If he 's bad as a foe, he 's far worse as a friend :  
 Let an author but write what's above his poor  
                   scope,

He goes to work gravely and twists up a rope,  
And, inviting the world to see punishment done,  
Hangs himself up to bleach in the wind and the  
sun ;

'T is delightful to see, when a man comes along  
Who has anything in him peculiar and strong,  
Every cockboat that swims clear its fierce (pop)  
gundeck at him,  
And make as he passes its ludicrous Peck at  
him — ”

Here Miranda came up and began, “ As to  
that — ”

Apollo at once seized his gloves, cane, and hat,  
And, seeing the place getting rapidly cleared,  
I too snatched my notes and forthwith disappeared.

# THE UNHAPPY LOT OF MR. KNOTT

## PART I

SHOWING HOW HE BUILT HIS HOUSE AND HIS WIFE  
MOVED INTO IT.

MY worthy friend, A. Gordon Knott,  
From business snug withdrawn,  
Was much contented with a lot  
That would contain a Tudor cot  
'Twixt twelve feet square of garden-plot,  
And twelve feet more of lawn.

He had laid business on the shelf  
To give his taste expansion,  
And, since no man, retired with pelf,  
The building mania can shun,  
Knott, being middle-aged himself,  
Resolved to build (unhappy elf!)  
A mediæval mansion.

He called an architect in counsel;  
"I want," said he, "a — you know what,  
(You are a builder, I am Knott,)  
A thing complete from chimney-pot  
Down to the very gronsel;  
Here's a half-acre of good land;  
Just have it nicely mapped and planned

And make your workmen drive on ;  
 Meadow there is, and upland too,  
 And I should like a water-view,  
 D' you think you could contrive one ?  
 (Perhaps the pump and trough would do,  
 If painted a judicious blue ?)  
 The woodland I 've attended to ; ”  
 [He meant three pines stuck up askew,  
 Two dead ones and a live one.]  
 “ A pocket-full of rocks 't would take  
 To build a house of freestone,  
 But then it is not hard to make  
 What nowadays is *the* stone ;  
 The cunning painter in a trice  
 Your house's outside petrifies,  
 And people think it very gneiss  
 Without inquiring deeper ;  
*My* money never shall be thrown  
 Away on such a deal of stone,  
 When stone of deal is cheaper.”

And so the greenest of antiques  
 Was reared for Knott to dwell in :  
 The architect worked hard for weeks  
 In venting all his private peaks  
 Upon the roof, whose crop of leaks  
 Had satisfied Fluellen ;  
 Whatever anybody had  
 Out of the common, good or bad,  
 Knott had it all worked well in ;  
 A donjon-keep, where clothes might dry,  
 A porter's lodge that was a sty,

A campanilë slim and high,  
     Too small to hang a bell in ;  
 All up and down and here and there,  
 With Lord-knows-whats of round and square  
 Stuck on at random everywhere, —  
 It was a house to make one stare,  
     All corners and all gables ;  
 Like dogs let loose upon a bear,  
 Ten emulous styles *staboyed* with care,  
 The whole among them seemed to tear,  
 And all the oddities to spare  
     Were set upon the stables.

Knott was delighted with a pile  
     Approved by fashion's leaders :  
 (Only he made the builder smile,  
 By asking every little while,  
 Why that was called the Twodoor style,  
     Which certainly had *three* doors ?)  
 Yet better for this luckless man  
 If he had put a downright ban  
     Upon the thing *in limine* ;  
 For, though to quit affairs his plan,  
 Ere many days, poor Knott began  
 Perforce accepting draughts, that ran  
     All ways — except up chimney ;  
 The house, though painted stone to mock,  
 With nice white lines round every block,  
     Some trepidation stood in,  
 When tempests (with petrific shock,  
 So to speak,) made it really rock,  
     Though not a whit less wooden ;

And painted stone, howe'er well done,  
Will not take in the prodigal sun  
Whose beams are never quite at one  
    With our terrestrial lumber ;  
So the wood shrank around the knots,  
And gaped in disconcerting spots,  
And there were lots of dots and rots  
    And crannies without number,  
Wherethrough, as you may well presume,  
The wind, like water through a flume,  
    Came rushing in ecstastic,  
Leaving, in all three floors, no room  
    That was not a rheumatic ;  
And, what with points and squares and rounds  
    Grown shaky on their poises,  
The house at nights was full of pounds,  
Thumps, bumps, creaks, scratchings, raps —  
    till — “Zounds!”  
Cried Knott, “this goes beyond all bounds ;  
I do not deal in tongues and sounds,  
Nor have I let my house and grounds  
    To a family of Noyeses !”

But, though Knott's house was full of airs,  
    *He* had but one, — a daughter ;  
And, as he owned much stocks and shares,  
Many who wished to render theirs  
Such vain, unsatisfying cares,  
And needed wives to sew their tears,  
    In matrimony sought her ;  
They vowed her gold they wanted not,  
    Their faith would never falter,

They longed to tie this single Knott  
 In the Hymeneal halter ;  
 So daily at the door they rang,  
     Cards for the belle delivering,  
 Or in the choir at her they sang,  
 Achieving such a rapturous twang  
     As set her nerves ashivering.

Now Knott had quite made up his mind  
     That Colonel Jones should have her ;  
 No beauty he, but oft we find  
 Sweet kernels 'neath a roughish rind,  
 So hoped his Jenny 'd be resigned  
     And make no more palaver ;  
 Glanced at the fact that love was blind,  
 That girls were ratherish inclined  
     To pet their little crosses,  
 Then nosologically defined  
 The rate at which the system pined  
 In those unfortunates who dined  
 Upon that metaphoric kind  
     Of dish — their own proboscis.

But she, with many tears and moans,  
     Besought him not to mock her,  
 Said 't was too much for flesh and bones  
 To marry mortgages and loans,  
 That fathers' hearts were stocks and stones,  
 And that she 'd go, when Mrs. Jones,  
     To Davy Jones's locker ;  
 Then gave her head a little toss  
 That said as plain as ever was,



If men are always at a loss  
Mere womankind to bridle —  
To try the thing on woman cross  
Were fifty times as idle ;  
For she a strict resolve had made  
And registered in private,  
That either she would die a maid,  
Or else be Mrs. Doctor Slade,  
If woman could contrive it ;  
And, though the wedding-day was set,  
Jenny was more so, rather,  
Declaring, in a pretty pet,  
That, howsoe'er they spread their net,  
She would out-Jennyral them yet,  
The colonel and her father.

Just at this time the Public's eyes  
Were keenly on the watch, a stir  
Beginning slowly to arise  
About those questions and replies,  
Those raps that unwrapped mysteries  
So rapidly at Rochester,  
And Knott, already nervous grown  
By lying much awake alone,  
And listening, sometimes to a moan,  
And sometimes to a clatter,  
Whene'er the wind at night would rouse  
The gingerbread-work on his house,  
Or when some hasty-tempered mouse,  
Behind the plastering, made a towse  
About a family matter,  
Began to wonder if his wife,

A paralytic half her life,  
 Which made it more surprising,  
 Might not to rule him from her urn,  
 Have taken a peripatetic turn  
 For want of exorcising.

This thought, once nestled in his head,  
 Erelong contagious grew, and spread  
 Infecting all his mind with dread,  
 Until at last he lay in bed  
 And heard his wife, with well-known tread,  
 Entering the kitchen through the shed,  
 (Or was 't his fancy, mocking?)  
 Opening the pantry, cutting bread,  
 And then (she 'd been some ten years dead)  
 Closets and drawers unlocking ;  
 Or, in his room (his breath grew thick)  
 He heard the long-familiar click  
 Of slender needles flying quick,  
 As if she knit a stocking ;  
 For whom ? — he prayed that years might flit  
 With pains rheumatic shooting,  
 Before those ghostly things she knit  
 Upon his unfleshed sole might fit,  
 He did not fancy it a bit,  
 To stand upon that footing ;  
 At other times, his frightened hairs  
 Above the bedclothes trusting,  
 He heard her, full of household cares,  
 (No dream entrapped in supper's snares,  
 The foal of horrible nightmares,  
 But broad awake, as he declares,)

Go bustling up and down the stairs,  
Or setting back last evening's chairs,  
Or with the poker thrusting  
The raked-up sea-coal's hardened crust —  
And — what ! impossible ! it must !  
He knew she had returned to dust,  
And yet could scarce his senses trust,  
Hearing her as she poked and fussed  
About the parlor, dusting !

Night after night he strove to sleep  
And take his ease in spite of it ;  
But still his flesh would chill and creep,  
And, though two night-lamps he might keep,  
He could not so make light of it.  
At last, quite desperate, he goes  
And tells his neighbors all his woes,  
Which did but their amount enhance ;  
They made such mockery of his fears  
That soon his days were of all jeers,  
His nights of the rueful countenance ;  
“ I thought most folks,” one neighbor said,  
“ Gave up the ghost when they were dead ? ”  
Another gravely shook his head,  
Adding, “ From all we hear, it's  
Quite plain poor Knott is going mad —  
For how can he at once be sad  
And think he's full of spirits ? ”  
A third declared he knew a knife  
Would cut this Knott much quicker,  
“ The surest way to end all strife,  
And lay the spirit of a wife,

Is just to take and lick her ! ”

A temperance man caught up the word,

“ Ah, yes,” he groaned, “ I ’ve always heard

Our poor friend somewhat slanted

Tow’rd taking liquor overmuch ;

I fear these spirits may be Dutch,

(A sort of gins, or something such,)

With which his house is haunted ;

I see the thing as clear as light, —

If Knott would give up getting tight,

Naught farther would be wanted : ”

So all his neighbors stood aloof

And, that the spirits ’neath his roof

Were not entirely up to proof,

Unanimously granted.

Knott knew that cocks and sprites were foes,

And so bought up, Heaven only knows

How many, for he wanted crows

To give ghosts caws, as I suppose,

To think that day was breaking ;

Moreover what he called his park,

He turned into a kind of ark

For dogs, because a little bark

Is a good tonic in the dark,

If one is given to waking ;

But things went on from bad to worse,

His curs were nothing but a curse,

And, what was still more shocking,

Foul ghosts of living fowl made scoff

And would not think of going off

In spite of all his cocking.

Shanghais, Bucks-counties, Dominiques,  
Malays (that did n't lay for weeks,)

Polanders, Bantams, Dorkings,  
(Waiving the cost, no trifling ill,  
Since each brought in his little bill,)

By day or night were never still,  
But every thought of rest would kill

With cacklings and with quorkings ;  
Henry the Eighth of wives got free

By a way he had of axing ;  
But poor Knott's Tudor henery  
Was not so fortunate, and he

Still found his trouble waxing ;  
As for the dogs, the rows they made,  
And how they howled, snarled, barked and  
bayed,

Beyond all human knowledge is ;  
All night, as wide awake as gnats,  
The terriers rumpused after rats,  
Or, just for practice, taught their brats  
To worry cast-off shoes and hats,  
The bull-dogs settled private spats,  
All chased imaginary cats,  
Or raved behind the fence's slats  
At real ones, or, from their mats,  
With friends, miles off, held pleasant chats,  
Or, like some folks in white cravats,  
Contemptuous of sharps and flats,

Sat up and sang dogsologies.  
Meanwhile the cats set up a squall,  
And, safe upon the garden-wall,  
All night kept cat-a-walling,

As if the feline race were all,  
 In one wild cataleptic sprawl,  
 Into love's tortures falling.

## PART II

SHOWING WHAT IS MEANT BY A FLOW OF SPIRITS.

AT first the ghosts were somewhat shy,  
 Coming when none but Knott was nigh,  
 And people said 't was all their eye,  
 (Or rather his) a flam, the sly

Digestion's machination :

Some recommended a wet sheet,  
 Some a nice broth of pounded peat,  
 Some a cold flat-iron to the feet,  
 Some a decoction of lamb's-bleat,  
 Some a southwesterly grain of wheat ;  
 Meat was by some pronounced unmeet,  
 Others thought fish most indiscreet,  
 And that 't was worse than all to eat  
 Of vegetables, sour or sweet,  
 (Except, perhaps, the skin of beet,)

In such a concatenation :

One quack his button gently plucks  
 And murmurs, " Biliary ducks ! "

Says Knott, " I never ate one ; "  
 But all, though brimming full of wrath,  
 Homœo, Allo, Hydropath,

Concurred in this — that t' other's path  
 To death's door was the straight one.  
 Still, spite of medical advice,

The ghosts came thicker, and a spice  
Of mischief grew apparent ;  
Nor did they only come at night,  
But seemed to fancy broad daylight,  
Till Knott, in horror and affright,  
His unoffending hair rent ;  
Whene'er with handkerchief on lap,  
He made his elbow-chair a trap,  
To catch an after-dinner nap,  
The spirits, always on the tap,  
Would make a sudden *rap, rap, rap*,  
The half-spun cord of sleep to snap,  
(And what is life without its nap  
But threadbareness and mere mishap ?)  
As 't were with a percussion cap  
The trouble's climax capping ;  
It seemed a party dried and grim  
Of mummies had come to visit him,  
Each getting off from every limb  
Its multitudinous wrapping ;  
Scratchings sometimes the walls ran round,  
The merest penny-weights of sound ;  
Sometimes 't was only by the pound  
They carried on their dealing,  
A thumping 'neath the parlor floor,  
Thump-bump-thump-bumping o'er and o'er,  
As if the vegetables in store  
(Quiet and orderly before)  
Were all together peeling ;  
You would have thought the thing was done  
By the spirit of some son of a gun,  
And that a forty-two-pounder,

Or that the ghost which made such sounds  
 Could be none other than John Pounds,  
     Of Ragged Schools the founder.  
 Through three gradations of affright,  
 The awful noises reached their height ;  
     At first they knocked nocturnally,  
 Then, for some reason, changing quite,  
 (As mourners, after six months' flight,  
 Turn suddenly from dark to light,)  
     Began to knock diurnally,  
 And last, combining all their stocks,  
     (Scotland was ne'er so full of Knox,)  
 Into one Chaos (father of Nox,)  
*Nocte pluit* — they showered knocks,  
     And knocked, knocked, knocked, eternally ;  
 Ever upon the go, like buoys,  
 (Wooden sea-urchins,) all Knott's joys,  
 They turned to troubles and a noise  
     That preyed on him internally.

Soon they grew wider in their scope ;  
 Whenever Knott a door would ope,  
 It would ope not, or else elope  
 And fly back (curbless as a trope  
 Once started down a stanza's slope  
 By a bard that gave it too much rope —)  
     Like a clap of thunder slamming ;  
 And, when kind Jenny brought his hat,  
 (She always, when he walked, did that,)  
 Just as upon his head it sat,  
 Submitting to his settling pat,  
 Some unseen hand would jam it flat,



Or give it such a furious bat  
 That eyes and nose went cramming  
 Up out of sight, and consequently,  
 As when in life it paddled free,  
 His beaver caused much damning;  
 If these things seem o'erstrained to be,  
 Read the account of Doctor Dee,  
 'Tis in our college library;  
 Read Wesley's circumstantial plea,  
 And Mrs. Crowe, more like a bee,  
 Sucking the nightshade's honeyed fee,  
 And Stilling's Pneumatology;  
 Consult Scot, Glanvil, grave Wierus,  
 and both Mathers; further see,  
 Webster, Casaubon, James First's treatise,  
 a right royal Q. E. D.  
 Writ with the moon in perigee,  
 Bodin de la Demonomanie —  
 (Accent that last line gingerly)  
 All full of learning as the sea  
 Of fishes, and all disagree,  
 Save in *Sathanas apage!*  
 Or, what will surely put a flea  
 In unbelieving ears — with glee,  
 Out of a paper (sent to me  
 By some friend who forgot to P...  
 A... Y... — I use cryptography  
 Lest I his vengeful pen should dree —  
 His P...O...S...T...A...G...E...)  
 Things to the same effect I cut,  
 About the tantrums of a ghost,  
 Not more than three weeks since, at most,  
 Near Stratford, in Connecticut.

Knott's Upas daily spread its roots,  
 Sent up on all sides livelier shoots,  
 And bore more pestilential fruits ;  
 The ghosts behaved like downright brutes,  
 They snipped holes in his Sunday suits,  
 Practised all night on octave flutes,  
 Put peas (not peace) into his boots,  
     Whereof grew corns in season,  
 They scotched his sheets, and, what was worse,  
 Stuck his silk nightcap full of burrs,  
 Till he, in language plain and terse,  
 (But much unlike a Bible verse,)  
     Swore he should lose his reason.

The tables took to spinning, too,  
 Perpetual yarns, and arm-chairs grew  
     To prophets and apostles ;  
 One footstool vowed that only he  
 Of law and gospel held the key,  
 That teachers of whate'er degree  
 To whom opinion bows the knee  
 Wer'n't fit to teach Truth's a b c,  
 And were (the whole lot) to a T  
     Mere fogies all and fossils ;  
 A teapoy, late the property  
     Of Knox's Aunt Keziah,  
 (Whom Jenny most irreverently  
 Had nicknamed her aunt-tipathy)  
 With tips emphatic claimed to be  
     The prophet Jeremiah ;  
 The tins upon the kitchen-wall,  
 Turned tintinnabulators all,

And things that used to come at call  
For simple household services  
Began to hop and whirl and prance,  
Fit to put out of countenance  
The *Commis* and *Grisettes* of France  
Or Turkey's dancing Dervises.

Of course such doings, far and wide,  
With rumors filled the country-side,  
And (as it is our nation's pride  
To think a Truth not verified  
Till with majorities allied)  
Parties sprung up, affirmed, denied,  
And candidates with questions plied,  
Who, like the circus-riders, tried  
At once both hobbies to bestride,  
And each with his opponent vied  
In being inexplicit.  
Earnest inquirers multiplied ;  
Folks, whose tenth cousins lately died,  
Wrote letters long, and Knott replied ;  
All who could either walk or ride  
Gathered to wonder or deride,  
And paid the house a visit ;  
Horses were to his pine-trees tied,  
Mourners in every corner sighed,  
Widows brought children there that cried,  
Swarms of lean Seekers, eager-eyed,  
(People Knott never could abide,)  
Into each hole and cranny pried  
With strings of questions cut and dried  
From the Devout Inquirer's Guide,

For the wise spirits to decide —  
 As, for example, is it  
 True that the damned are fried or boiled?  
 Was the Earth's axis greased or oiled?  
 Who cleaned the moon when it was soiled?  
 How baldness might be cured or foiled?  
 How heal diseased potatoes?  
 Did spirits have the sense of smell?  
 Where would departed spinsters dwell?  
 If the late Zenas Smith were well?  
 If Earth were solid or a shell?  
 Were spirits fond of Doctor Fell?  
*Did* the bull toll Cock-Robin's knell?  
 What remedy would bugs expel?  
 If Paine's invention were a sell?  
 Did spirits by Webster's system spell?  
 Was it a sin to be a belle?  
 Did dancing sentence folks to hell?  
 If so, then where most torture fell —  
 On little toes or great toes?  
 If life's true seat were in the brain?  
 Did Ensign mean to marry Jane?  
 By whom, in fact, was Morgan slain?  
 Could matter ever suffer pain?  
 What would take out a cherry-stain?  
 Who picked the pocket of Seth Crane,  
 Of Waldo precinct, State of Maine?  
 Was Sir John Franklin sought in vain?  
 Did primitive Christians ever train?  
 What was the family-name of Cain?  
 Them spoons, were they by Betty ta'en?  
 Would earth-worm poultice cure a sprain?

Was Socrates so dreadful plain ?  
 What teamster guided Charles's wain ?  
 Was Uncle Ethan mad or sane,  
 And could his will in force remain ?  
 If not, what counsel to retain ?  
 Did Le Sage steal Gil Blas from Spain ?  
 Was Junius writ by Thomas Paine ?  
 Were ducks discomforted by rain ?  
*How* did Britannia rule the main ?  
 Was Jonas coming back again ?  
 Was vital truth upon the wane ?  
 Did ghosts, to scare folks, drag a chain ?  
 Who was our Huldah's chosen swain ?  
 Did none have teeth pulled without payin',  
     Ere ether was invented ?  
 Whether mankind would not agree,  
 If the universe were tuned in C ?  
 What was it ailed Lucindy's knee ?  
 Whether folks eat folks in Feejee ?  
 Whether *his* name would end with T ?  
 If Saturn's rings were two or three,  
 And what bump in Phrenology  
     They truly represented ?  
 These problems dark, wherein they groped,  
 Wherewith man's reason vainly coped,  
 Now that the spirit-world was oped,  
 In all humility they hoped  
     Would be resolved *instanter*;  
 Each of the miscellaneous rout  
 Brought his, or her, own little doubt,  
 And wished to pump the spirits out,  
 Through his or her own private spout,  
     Into his or her decanter.

## PART III

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN THAT THE MOST ARDENT SPIRITS ARE MORE ORNAMENTAL THAN USEFUL.

MANY a speculating wight  
 Came by express-trains, day and night,  
 To see if Knott would "sell his right,"  
 Meaning to make the ghosts a sight —  
     What they called a "meenaygerie";  
 One threatened, if he would not "trade,"  
 His run of custom to invade,  
 (He could not these sharp folks persuade  
 That he was not, in some way, paid,)  
     And stamp him as a plagiary,  
 By coming down, at one fell swoop,  
 With THE ORIGINAL KNOCKING TROUPE.  
     Come recently from Hades,  
 Who (for a quarter-dollar heard)  
 Would ne'er rap out a hasty word  
 Whence any blame might be incurred  
     From the most fastidious ladies;  
 The late lamented Jesse Soule  
 To stir the ghosts up with a pole  
 And be director of the whole,  
     Who was engaged the rather  
 For the rare merits he'd combine,  
 Having been in the spirit line,  
 Which trade he only did resign,  
 With general applause, to shine,  
 Awful in mail of cotton fine,  
     As ghost of Hamlet's father!

Another a fair plan reveals  
Never yet hit on, which, he feels,  
To Knott's religious sense appeals —  
“ We 'll have your house set up on wheels,  
    A speculation pious ;  
For music, we can shortly find  
A barrel-organ that will grind  
Psalm-tunes — an instrument designed  
For the New England tour — refined  
From secular drosses, and inclined  
To an unworldly turn, (combined  
    With no sectarian bias ;)   
Then, travelling by stages slow,  
Under the style of Knott & Co.,  
I would accompany the show  
As moral lecturer, the foe  
Of Rationalism ; while you could throw  
The rappings in, and make them go  
Strict Puritan principles, you know,  
(How *do* you make 'em ? with your toe ?)  
And the receipts which thence might flow,  
    We could divide between us ;  
Still more attractions to combine,  
Beside these services of mine,  
I will throw in a very fine  
(It would do nicely for a sign)  
    Original Titian's Venus.”  
Another offered handsome fees  
If Knott would get Demosthenes  
(Nay, his mere knuckles, for more ease)  
To rap a few short sentences ;  
Or if, for want of proper keys,

His Greek might make confusion,  
 Then just to get a rap from Burke,  
 To recommend a little work

On Public Elocution.

Meanwhile, the spirits made replies  
 To all the reverent *whats* and *whys*,  
 Resolving doubts of every size,  
 And giving seekers grave and wise,  
 Who came to know their destinies,

A rap-turous reception ;  
 When unbelievers void of grace  
 Came to investigate the place,  
 (Creatures of Sadducistic race,  
 With grovelling intellects and base,)
 They could not find the slightest trace  
 To indicate deception ;

Indeed, it is declared by some  
 That spirits (of this sort) are glum,  
 Almost, or wholly, deaf and dumb,  
 And (out of self-respect) quite mum  
 To skeptic natures cold and numb,  
 Who of *this* kind of Kingdom Come

Have not a just conception :  
 True, there were people who demurred  
 That, though the raps no doubt were heard

Both under them and o'er them,  
 Yet, somehow, when a search they made,  
 They found Miss Jenny sore afraid,  
 Or Jenny's lover, Doctor Slade,  
 Equally awestruck and dismayed,  
 Or Deborah, the chambermaid,  
 Whose terrors not to be gainsaid,



In laughs hysteric were displayed,  
Was always there before them ;  
This had its due effect with some  
Who straight departed, muttering, Hum !  
Transparent hoax ! and Gammon !  
But these were few : believing souls,  
Came, day by day, in larger shoals,  
As the ancients to the windy holes  
'Neath Delphi's tripod brought their doles,  
Or to the shrine of Ammon.

The spirits seemed exceeding tame,  
Call whom you fancied, and he came ;  
The shades august of eldest fame  
You summoned with an awful ease ;  
As grosser spirits gurgled out  
From chair and table with a spout,  
In Auerbach's cellar once, to flout  
The senses of the rabble rout,  
Where'er the gimlet twirled about  
Of cunning Mephistopheles,  
So did these spirits seem in store,  
Behind the wainscot or the door,  
Ready to thrill the being's core  
Of every enterprising bore  
With their astounding glamour ;  
Whatever ghost one wished to hear,  
By strange coincidence, was near  
To make the past or future clear  
(Sometimes in shocking grammar)  
By raps and taps, now there, now here —  
It seemed as if the spirit queer

Of some departed auctioneer  
 Were doomed to practise by the year  
 With the spirit of his hammer :  
 Whate'er you asked was answered, yet  
 One could not very deeply get  
 Into the obliging spirits' debt,  
 Because they used the alphabet  
 In all communications,  
 And new revealings (though sublime)  
 Rapped out, one letter at a time,  
 With boggles, hesitations,  
 Stoppings, beginnings o'er again,  
 And getting matters into train,  
 Could hardly overload the brain  
 With too excessive rations,  
 Since just to ask *if two and two*  
*Really make four?* or, *How d' ye do?*  
 And get the fit replies thereto  
 In the tramundane rat-tat-too,  
 Might ask a whole day's patience.

'T was strange ('mongst other things) to find  
 In what odd sets the ghosts combined,  
 Happy forthwith to thump any  
 Piece of intelligence inspired,  
 The truth whereof had been inquired  
 By some one of the company ;  
 For instance, Fielding, Mirabeau,  
 Orator Henley, Cicero,  
 Paley, John Zisca, Marivaux,  
 Melancthon, Robertson, Junot,  
 Scaliger, Chesterfield, Rousseau,

Hakluyt, Boccaccio, South, De Foe,  
Diaz, Josephus, Richard Roe,  
Odin, Arminius, Charles *le gros*,  
Tiresias, the late James Crow,  
Casabianca, Grose, Prideaux,  
Old Grimes, Young Norval, Swift, Brissot,  
Maimonides, the Chevalier D'O,  
Socrates, Fenelon, Job, Stow,  
The inventor of *Elixir pro*,  
Euripides, Spinoza, Poe,  
Confucius, Hiram Smith, and Fo,  
Came (as it seemed, somewhat *de trop*)  
With a disembodied Esquimaux,  
To say that it was so and so,  
    With Franklin's expedition ;  
One testified to ice and snow,  
One that the mercury was low,  
One that his progress was quite slow,  
One that he much desired to go,  
One that the cook had frozen his toe,  
(Dissented from by Dandolo,  
Wordsworth, Cynaegirus, Boileau,  
La Hontan, and Sir Thomas Roe,)  
One saw twelve white bears in a row,  
One saw eleven and a crow,  
With other things we could not know  
(Of great statistic value, though,)  
    By our mere mortal vision.

Sometimes the spirits made mistakes,  
And seemed to play at ducks and drakes  
With bold inquiry's heaviest stakes

In science or in mystery ;  
 They knew so little (and that wrong)  
 Yet rapped it out so bold and strong,  
 One would have said the unnumbered throng  
     Had been Professors of History ;  
 What made it odder was, that those  
 Who, you would naturally suppose,  
 Could solve a question, if they chose,  
 As easily as count their toes,  
     Were just the ones that blundered ;  
 One day, Ulysses happening down,  
 A reader of Sir Thomas Browne  
     And who (with him) had wondered  
 What song it was the Sirens sang,  
 Asked the shrewd Ithacan — *bang ! bang !*  
 With this response the chamber rang,  
     “ I guess it was Old Hundred.”  
 And Franklin, being asked to name  
 The reason why the lightning came,  
     Replied, “ Because it thundered.”

On one sole point the ghosts agreed,  
 One fearful point, than which, indeed,  
     Nothing could seem absurder ;  
 Poor Colonel Jones they all abused  
 And finally downright accused  
     The poor old man of murder ;  
 'T was thus ; by dreadful raps was shown  
 Some spirit's longing to make known  
 A bloody fact, which he alone  
 Was privy to, (such ghosts more prone  
     In Earth's affairs to meddle are ;)

*Who are you?* with awe-stricken looks,  
All ask : his airy knuckles he crooks,  
And raps, “ *I was* Eliab Snooks,  
That used to be a pedler ;  
Some on ye still are on my books ! ”  
Whereat, to inconspicuous nooks,  
(More fearing this than common spooks,)  
Shrank each indebted meddler ;  
Further the vengeful ghost declared  
That while his earthly life was spared,  
About the country he had fared,  
A duly licensed follower  
Of that much-wandering trade that wins  
Slow profit from the sale of tins  
And various kinds of hollow-ware ;  
That Colonel Jones enticed him in,  
Pretending that he wanted tin,  
There slew him with a rolling-pin,  
Hid him in a potato-bin,  
And (the same night) him ferried  
Across Great Pond to t’ other shore,  
And there, on land of Widow Moore,  
Just where you turn to Larkin’s store,  
Under a rock him buried ;  
Some friends (who happened to be by)  
He called upon to testify  
That what he said was not a lie,  
And that he did not stir this  
Foul matter, out of any spite  
But from a simple love of right ; —  
Which statements the Nine Worthies,  
Rabbi Akiba, Charlemagne,

Seth, Colley Cibber, General Wayne,  
 Cambyses, Tasso, Tubal-Cain,  
 The owner of a castle in Spain,  
 Jehanghire, and the Widow of Nain,  
 (The friends aforesaid,) made more plain  
 And by loud raps attested ;  
 To the same purport testified  
 Plato, John Wilkes, and Colonel Pride  
 Who knew said Snooks before he died,  
 Had in his wares invested,  
 Thought him entitled to belief  
 And freely could concur, in brief,  
 In everything the rest did.

Eliab this occasion seized,  
 (Distinctly here the spirit sneezed,)  
 To say that he should ne'er be eased  
 Till Jenny married whom she pleased,  
 Free from all checks and urgin's,  
 (This spirit dropt his final g's)  
 And that, unless Knott quickly sees  
 This done, the spirits to appease,  
 They would come back his life to tease,  
 As thick as mites in ancient cheese,  
 And let his house on an endless lease  
 To the ghosts (terrific rappers these  
 And veritable Eumenides)  
 Of the Eleven Thousand Virgins !

Knott was perplexed and shook his head,  
 He did not wish his child to wed  
 With a suspected murderer,

(For, true or false, the rumor spread,)
But as for this roiled life he led,
" It would not answer," so he said,
    " To have it go no furdurer."
At last, scarce knowing what it meant,
Reluctantly he gave consent
That Jenny, since 't was evident
That she *would* follow her own bent,
    Should make her own election ;
For that appeared the only way
These frightful noises to allay
Which had already turned him gray
    And plunged him in dejection.

Accordingly, this artless maid
Her father's ordinance obeyed,
And, all in whitest crape arrayed,
(Miss Pulsifer the dresses made
And wishes here the fact displayed
That she still carries on the trade,
The third door south from Bagg's Arcade,)
A very faint " I do " essayed
And gave her hand to Hiram Slade,
From which time forth, the ghosts were laid,
    And ne'er gave trouble after ;
But the Selectmen, be it known,
Dug underneath the aforesaid stone,
Where the poor pedler's corpse was thrown,
And found thereunder a jaw-bone,
Though, when the crowner sat thereon,
He nothing hatched, except alone
    Successive broods of laughter ;

It was a frail and dingy thing,  
 In which a grinder or two did cling,  
 In color like molasses,  
 Which surgeons, called from far and wide,  
 Upon the horror to decide,  
 Having put on their glasses,  
 Reported thus : "To judge by looks,  
 These bones, by some queer hooks or crooks,  
*May* have belonged to Mr. Snooks,  
 But, as men deepest-read in books  
 Are perfectly aware, bones,  
 If buried fifty years or so,  
 Lose their identity and grow  
 From human bones to bare bones."

Still, if to Jaalam you go down,  
 You 'll find two parties in the town,  
 One headed by Benaiah Brown,  
 And one by Perez Tinkham ;  
 The first believe the ghosts all through  
 And vow that they shall never rue  
 The happy chance by which they knew  
 That people in Jupiter are blue,  
 And very fond of Irish stew,  
 Two curious facts which Prince Lee Boo  
 Rapped clearly to a chosen few —  
 Whereas the others think 'em  
 A trick got up by Doctor Slade  
 With Deborah the chambermaid  
 And that sly cretur Jinny.  
 That all the revelations wise,  
 At which the Brownites made big eyes,



Might have been given by Jared Keyes,  
A natural fool and ninny,  
And, last week, did n't Eliab Snooks  
Come back with never better looks,  
As sharp as new-bought mackerel hooks,  
And bright as a new pin, eh ?  
Good Parson Wilbur, too, avers  
(Though to be mixed in parish stirs  
Is worse than handling chestnut-burrs)  
That no case to his mind occurs  
Where spirits ever did converse,  
Save in a kind of guttural Erse,  
(So say the best authorities ; )  
And that a charge by raps conveyed  
Should be most scrupulously weighed  
And searched into, before it is  
Made public, since it may give pain  
That cannot soon be cured again,  
And one word may infix a stain  
Which ten cannot gloss over,  
Though speaking for his private part,  
He is rejoiced with all his heart  
Miss Knott missed not her lover.

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED POEM

I AM a man of forty, sirs, a native of East Had-  
dam,  
And have some reason to surmise that I descend  
from Adam ;  
But what 's my pedigree to you ? That I will soon  
unravel ;  
I've sucked my Haddam-Eden dry, therefore de-  
sire to travel,  
And, as a natural consequence, presume I need n't  
say,  
I wish to write some letters home and have those  
letters p—  
[I spare the word suggestive of those grim Next  
Morns that mount  
*Clump, clump*, the stairways of the brain with—  
“ *Sir, my small account,*”  
And, after every good we gain — Love, Fame,  
Wealth, Wisdom — still,  
As punctual as a cuckoo clock, hold up their little  
bill,  
The *garçons* in our Café of Life, by dreaming us  
forgot —  
Sitting, like Homer's heroes, full and musing God  
knows what, —  
Till they say, bowing, *S'il vous plait, voila, Mes-*  
*sieurs, la note !*]

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED POEM 127

I would not hint at this so soon, but in our callous  
day,

The tollman Debt, who drops his bar across the  
world's highway,

Great Cæsar in mid-march would stop, if Cæsar  
could not pay ;

Pilgriming's dearer than it was : men cannot travel  
now

Scot-free from Dan to Beersheba upon a simple vow ;  
Nay, as long back as Bess's time, when Walsing-  
ham went over

Ambassador to Cousin France, at Canterbury and  
Dover

He was so fleeced by innkeepers that, ere he quitted  
land,

He wrote to the Prime Minister to take the knaves  
in hand.

If I with staff and scallop-shell should try my way  
to win,

Would Bonifaces quarrel as to who should take me  
in ?

Or would my pilgrim's progress end where Bunyan  
started his on,

And my grand tour be round and round the back-  
yard of a prison ?

I give you here a saying deep and therefore, haply  
true ;

'T is out of Merlin's prophecies, but quite as good  
as new :

The question boath far men and meates longe voyages  
yt beginne

Lyes in a notshell, rather saye lyes in a case of tinne.

128 FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED POEM

But, though men may not travel now, as in the  
Middle Ages,  
With self-sustaining retinues of little gilt-edged  
pages,  
Yet one may manage pleasantly, where'er he likes  
to roam,  
By sending his small pages (at so much per small  
page) home ;  
And if a staff and scallop-shell won't serve so well  
as then,  
Our outlay is about as small — just paper, ink, and  
pen.  
Be thankful ! Humbugs never die, more than the  
wandering Jew ;  
Bankrupt, they publish their own deaths, slink for  
a while from view,  
Then take an *alias*, change the sign, and the old  
trade renew ;  
Indeed, 't is wondrous how each Age, though laugh-  
ing at the Past,  
Insists on having its tight shoe made on the same  
old last ;  
How it is sure its system would break up at once  
without  
The bunion which it *will* believe hereditary gout ;  
How it takes all its swans for geese, nay, stranger  
yet and sadder,  
Sees in its treadmill's fruitless jog a heavenward  
Jacob's-ladder,  
Shouts, *Lo, the Shining Heights are reached !*  
*One moment more aspire !*  
Trots into cramps its poor, dear legs, gets never an  
inch the higher,

And like the others, ends with pipe and mug be-  
side the fire.

There, 'tween each doze, it whiffs and sips and  
watches with a sneer

The green recruits that trudge and sweat where it  
had swinked whilere,

And sighs to think this soon spent zeal should be  
in simple truth

The only interval between old Fogyhoo*d* and Youth :  
“ Well,” thus it muses, “ well, what odds? 'T is  
not for us to warn ;

'T will be the same when we are dead, and was  
ere we were born ;

Without the Treadmill, too, how grind our store  
of winter's corn ?

Had we no stock, nor twelve per cent. received  
from Treadmill shares,

We might . . . but these poor devils at last will  
get our easy-chairs.

High aims and hopes have great rewards, they, too,  
serene and snug,

Shall one day have their soothing pipe and their  
enlivening mug ;

From Adam, empty-handed Youth hath always  
heard the hum

Of Good Times Coming, and will hear until the  
last day come ;

Young ears hear forward, old ones back, and,  
while the earth rolls on,

Full-handed Eld shall hear recede the steps of Good  
Times Gone ;

Ah what a cackle we set up whene'er an egg was  
laid !

*Cack-cack-cack-cackle!* rang around, the scratch  
for worms was stayed,

*Cut-cut-ca-dah-cut!* from *this* egg the coming  
cock shall stalk!

The great New Era dawns, the age of Deeds and  
not of Talk!

And every stupid hen of us hugged close his egg  
of chalk,

Thought, — sure, I feel life stir within, each day  
with greater strength,

When lo, the chick! from former chicks he dif-  
fered not a jot,

But grew and crew and scratched and went, like  
those before, to pot!"

So muse the dim *Emeriti*, and, mournful though  
it be,

I must confess a kindred thought hath sometimes  
come to me,

Who, though but just of forty turned, have heard  
the rumorous fame

Of nine and ninety Coming Men, all — coming  
till they came.

Pure Mephistopheles all this? the vulgar nature  
jeers?

Good friend, while I was writing it, my eyes were  
dim with tears;

Thrice happy he who cannot see, or who his eyes  
can shut,

Life's deepest sorrow is contained in that small  
word there — But!

. . . . .

We're pretty nearly crazy here with change and  
go ahead,  
With flinging our caught bird away for two  
i' th' bush instead,  
With butting 'gainst the wall which we declare  
*shall* be a portal,  
And questioning Deeps that never yet have oped  
their lips to mortal;  
We're growing pale and hollow-eyed, and out of  
all condition,  
With *mediums* and prophetic chairs, and crickets  
with a mission,  
(The most astounding oracles since Balaam's don-  
key spoke, —  
'T would seem our furniture was all of Dodonean  
oak.)  
Make but the public laugh, be sure 't will take you  
to be somebody;  
'T will wrench its button from your clutch, my  
densely earnest glum body;  
'T is good, this noble earnestness, good in its  
place, but why  
Make great Achilles' shield the pan to bake a  
penny pie?  
Why, when we have a kitchen-range, insist that we  
shall stop,  
And bore clear down to central fires to broil our  
daily chop?  
Excalibur and Durandart are swords of price, but  
then  
Why draw them sternly when you wish to trim  
your nails or pen?

132 *FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED POEM*

Small gulf between the ape and man ; you bridge  
it with your staff ;

But it will be impassable until the ape can laugh ; —  
No, no, be common now and then, be sensible, be  
funny,

And, as Siberians bait their traps for bears with  
pots of honey,

From which ere they 'll withdraw their snouts,  
they 'll suffer many a club-lick,

So bait your moral figure-of-fours to catch the  
Orson public.

Look how the dead leaves melt their way down  
through deep-drifted snow ;

They take the sun-warmth down with them —  
pearls could not conquer so ;

There *is* a moral here, you see ; if you would  
preach, you must

Steep all your truths in sunshine would you have  
them pierce the crust ;

Brave Jeremiah, you are grand and terrible, a sign  
And wonder, but were never quite a popular  
divine ;

Fancy the figure you would cut among the nuts  
and wine !

I, on occasion, too, could preach, but hold it wiser  
far

To give the public sermons it will take with its  
cigar,

And morals fugitive, and vague as are these smoke-  
wreaths light

In which . . . I trace . . . a . . . let me see —  
bless me ! 't is out of sight.



There are some goodish things at sea ; for instance,  
one can feel

A grandeur in the silent man forever at the wheel,  
That bit of two-legged intellect, that particle of  
drill,

Who the huge floundering hulk inspires with rea-  
son, brain, and will,

And makes the ship, though skies are black and  
headwinds whistle loud,

Obeys her conscience there which feels the loadstar  
through the cloud ;

And when by lusty western gales the full-sailed  
barque is hurled

Towards the great moon which, setting on the  
silent underworld,

Rounds luridly up to look on ours, and shoots a  
broadening line,

Of palpitant light from crest to crest across the  
ridgy brine,

Then from the bows look back and feel a thrill  
that never stales,

In that full-bosomed, swan-white pomp of onward-  
yearning sails ;

Ah, when dear cousin Bull laments that you can't  
make a poem,

Take him aboard a clipper-ship, young Jonathan,  
and show him

A work of art that in its grace and grandeur may  
compare

With any thing that any race has fashioned any  
where ;

'T is not a statue, grumbles John ; nay, if you come  
to that,

We think of Hyde Park Corner, and concede you  
beat us flat

With your equestrian statue to a Nose and a Cocked-  
hat ;

But 't is not a cathedral ; well, e'en that we will  
allow,

Both statues and cathedrals are anachronistic now ;  
Your minsters, coz, the monuments of men who  
conquered you,

You'd sell a bargain, if we'd take the deans and  
chapters too ;

No ; mortal men build nowadays, as always here-  
tofore,

Good temples to the gods which they in very truth  
adore ;

The shepherds of this Broker Age, with all their  
willing flocks,

Although they bow to stones no more, do bend the  
knee to stocks,

And churches can't be beautiful though crowded,  
floor and gallery,

If people worship preacher, and if preacher wor-  
ship salary ;

'T is well to look things in the face, the god o' the  
modern universe,

Hermes, cares naught for halls of art and libraries  
of puny verse,

If they don't sell, he notes them thus upon his  
ledger — say, *per*

*Contra* to a loss of so much stone, best Russia duck  
and paper ;

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED POEM 135

And, after all, about this Art men talk a deal of  
fudge,  
Each nation has its path marked out, from which  
it must not budge ;  
The Romans had as little art as Noah in his ark,  
Yet somehow on this globe contrived to make an  
epic mark ;  
Religion, painting, sculpture, song — for these  
they ran up jolly ticks  
With Greece and Egypt, but they were great ar-  
tists in their politics,  
And if we make no minsters, John, nor epics, yet  
the Fates  
Are not entirely deaf to men who *can* build ships  
and states ;  
The arts are never pioneers, but men have strength  
and health  
Who, called on suddenly, can improvise a common-  
wealth,  
Nay, can more easily go on and frame them by the  
dozen,  
Than you can make a dinner-speech, dear sympa-  
thizing cousin :  
And, though our restless Jonathan have not your  
graver bent, sure he  
Does represent this hand-to-mouth, pert, rapid,  
nineteenth century ;  
This is the Age of Scramble ; men move faster  
than they did  
When they pried up the imperial Past's deep-  
dusted coffin-lid,  
Searching for scrolls of precedent ; the wire-leashed  
lightning now

136 FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED POEM

Replaces Delphos — men don't leave the steamer  
for the scow ;

What public, were they new to-day, would ever  
stop to read

The Iliad, the Shanàmeh, or the Nibelungenlied ?  
*Their* public's gone, the artist Greek, the lettered  
Shah, the hairy Graf —

Folio and plesiosaur sleep well ; *we* weary o'er a  
paragraph ;

The mind moves planet-like no more, it fizzes,  
cracks, and bustles ;

From end to end with journals dry the land o'er-  
shadowed rustles,

As with dead leaves a winter-beech, and, with their  
breath-roused jars

Amused, we care not if they hide the eternal skies  
and stars ;

Down to the general level of the Board of Brokers  
sinking,

The Age takes in the newspapers, or, to say sooth  
unshrinking,

The newspapers take in the Age, and stocks do all  
the thinking.

## AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE

### I.

SOMEWHERE in India, upon a time,  
(Read it not Injah, or you spoil the verse,)  
There dwelt two saints whose privilege sublime  
It was to sit and watch the world grow worse,  
Their only care (in that delicious clime).  
At proper intervals to pray and curse ;  
Pracrit the dialect each prudent brother  
Used for himself, Damnonian for the other.

### II.

One half the time of each was spent in praying  
For blessings on his own unworthy head,  
The other half in fearfully portraying  
Where certain folks would go when they were  
dead ;  
This system of exchanges — there 's no saying  
To what more solid barter 't would have led,  
But that a river, vexed with boils and swellings  
At rainy times, kept peace between their dwell-  
ings.

### III.

So they two played at wordy battledore  
And kept a curse forever in the air,

Flying this way or that from shore to shore ;  
 Nor other labor did this holy pair,  
     Clothed and supported from the lavish store  
 Which crowds lanigerous brought with daily care ;  
     They toiled not, neither did they spin ; their bias  
     Was tow'rd the harder task of being pious.

## IV.

Each from his hut rushed six score times a day,  
 Like a great canon of the Church full-rammed  
     With cartridge theologic, (so to say,)  
 Touched himself off, and then, recoiling, slammed  
     His hovel's door behind him in a way  
 That to his foe said plainly, — *you'll* be damned ;  
     And so like Potts and Wainwright, shrill and  
     strong  
 The two D—D'd each other all day long.

## V.

One was a dancing Dervise, a Mohammedan,  
 The other was a Hindoo, a gymnosophist ;  
     One kept his whatd'yecallit and his Ramadan,  
 Laughing to scorn the sacred rites and laws of his  
     Transfluvial rival, who, in turn, called Ahmed an  
 Old top, and, as a clincher, shook across a fist  
     With nails six inches long, yet lifted not  
     His eyes from off his navel's mystic knot.

## VI.

“ Who whirls not round six thousand times an  
     hour  
 Will go,” screamed Ahmed, “ to the evil place ;

May he eat dirt, and may the dog and Giaour  
 Defile the graves of him and all his race ;  
 Allah loves faithful souls and gives them power  
 To spin till they are purple in the face ;  
 Some folks get you know what, but he that  
     pure is  
 Earns Paradise and ninety thousand houries."

## VII.

"Upon the silver mountain, South by East,  
 Sits Brahma fed upon the sacred bean ;  
 He loves those men whose nails are still in-  
     creased,  
 Who all their lives keep ugly, foul, and lean ;  
 'T is of his grace that not a bird or beast  
 Adorned with claws like mine was ever seen ;  
 The suns and stars are Brahma's thoughts divine  
 Even as these trees I seem to see are mine."

## VIII.

"Thou seem'st to see, indeed !" roared Ahmed  
     back ;  
 "Were I but once across this plaguy stream,  
 With a stout sapling in my hand, one whack  
 On those lank ribs would rid thee of that dream !  
 Thy Brahma-blasphemy is ipecac  
 To my soul's stomach ; couldst thou grasp the  
     scheme  
 Of true redemption, thou wouldst know that  
     Deity  
 Whirls by a kind of blessed spontaneity.

## IX.

“ And this it is which keeps our earth here  
going  
With all the stars.” — “ Oh, vile ! but there’s a  
place

Prepared for such ; to think of Brahma throwing  
Worlds like a juggler’s balls up into Space !

Why, not so much as a smooth lotos blowing  
Is e’er allowed that silence to efface

Which broods round Brahma, and our earth, ’t is  
known,

Rests on a tortoise, moveless as this stone.”

## X.

So they kept up their banning amœbæan,  
When suddenly came floating down the stream

A youth whose face like an incarnate pæan  
Glowed, ’t was so full of grandeur and of gleam ;

“ If there *be* gods, then, doubtless, this must be  
one,”

Thought both at once, and then began to scream,

“ Surely, whate’er immortals know, thou know-  
est,

Decide between us twain before thou goest ! ”

## XI.

The youth was drifting in a slim canoe  
Most like a huge white water-lily’s petal,

But neither of our theologians knew  
Whereof ’t was made ; whether of heavenly metal  
Seldseen, or of a vast pearl split in two  
And hollowed, was a point they could not settle ;



'T was good debate-seed, though, and bore large  
fruit  
In after years of many a tart dispute.

## XII.

There were no wings upon the stranger's shoul-  
ders,  
And yet he seemed so capable of rising  
That, had he soared like thistledown, beholders  
Had thought the circumstance noways surprising ;  
Enough that he remained, and, when the scolders  
Hailed him as umpire in their vocal prize-ring,  
The painter of his boat he lightly threw  
Around a lotos-stem, and brought her to.

## XIII.

The strange youth had a look as if he might  
Have trod far planets where the atmosphere  
(Of nobler temper) steeps the face with light,  
Just as our skins are tanned and freckled here ;  
His air was that of a cosmopolite  
In the wide universe from sphere to sphere ;  
Perhaps he was (his face had such grave beauty)  
An officer of Saturn's guards off duty.

## XIV.

Both saints began to unfold their tales at once,  
Both wished their tales, like simial ones, prehensile,  
That they might seize his ear ; *fool ! knave !*  
and *dunce !*  
Flew zigzag back and forth, like strokes of pencil

In a child's fingers ; voluble as duns,  
 They jabbered like the stones on that immense hill  
 In the Arabian Nights ; until the stranger  
 Began to think his ear-drums in some danger.

## XV.

In general those who nothing have to say  
 Contrive to spend the longest time in doing it ;  
 They turn and vary it in every way,  
 Hashing it, stewing it, mincing it, *ragouting* it ;  
 Sometimes they keep it purposely at bay,  
 Then let it slip to be again pursuing it ;  
 They drone it, groan it, whisper it and shout it,  
 Refute it, flout it, swear to 't, prove it, doubt it.

## XVI.

Our saints had practised for some thirty years ;  
 Their talk, beginning with a single stem,  
 Spread like a banyan, sending down live piers,  
 Colonies of digression, and, in them,  
 Germs of yet new dispersion ; once by the ears,  
 They could convey damnation in a hem,  
 And blow the pinch of premise-priming off  
 Long syllogistic batteries, with a cough.

## XVII.

Each had a theory that the human ear  
 A providential tunnel was, which led  
 To a huge vacuum (and surely here  
 They showed some knowledge of the general head),  
 For cant to be decanted through, a mere  
 Auricular canal or mill-race fed

All day and night, in sunshine and in shower,  
From their vast heads of milk-and-water-power.

## XVIII.

The present being a peculiar case,  
Each with unwonted zeal the other scouted,  
Put his spurred hobby through its every pace,  
Pished, pshawed, poohed, horribled, bahed, jeered,  
sneered, flouted,  
Sniffed, nonsensed, infideled, fudged, with his face  
Looked scorn too nicely shaded to be shouted,  
And, with each inch of person and of vesture,  
Contrived to hint some most disdainful gesture.

## XIX.

At length, when their breath's end was come  
about,  
And both could now and then just gasp "impos-  
tor!"  
Holding their heads thrust menacingly out,  
As staggering cocks keep up their fighting posture,  
The stranger smiled and said, "Beyond a doubt  
'T is fortunate, my friends, that you have lost your  
United parts of speech, or it had been  
Impossible for me to get between.

## XX.

"Produce! says Nature, — what have you pro-  
duced?  
A new strait-waistcoat for the human mind;  
Are you not limbed nerved, jointed, arteried,  
juiced,

As other men ? yet, faithless to your kind,  
 Rather like noxious insects you are used  
 To puncture life's fair fruit, beneath the rind  
 Laying your creed-eggs, whence in time there  
 spring  
 Consumers new to eat and buzz and sting.

## XXI.

“ Work! you have no conception how 't will  
 sweeten  
 Your views of Life and Nature, God and Man ;  
 Had you been forced to earn what you have  
 eaten,  
 Your heaven had shown a less dyspeptic plan ;  
 At present your whole function is to eat ten  
 And talk ten times as rapidly as you can ;  
 Were your shape true to cosmogonic laws,  
 You would be nothing but a pair of jaws.

## XXII.

“ Of all the useless beings in creation  
 The earth could spare most easily you bakers  
 Of little clay gods, formed in shape and fashion  
 Precisely in the image of their makers ;  
 Why, it would almost move a saint to passion,  
 To see these blind and deaf, the hourly breakers  
 Of God's own image in their brother men,  
 Set themselves up to tell the how, where, when,

## XXIII.

“ Of God's existence ; one's digestion's worse —  
 So makes a god of vengeance and of blood ;

Another, — but no matter, they reverse  
 Creation's plan, out of their own vile mud  
 Pat up a god, and burn, drown, hang, or curse  
 Whoever worships not; each keeps his stud  
 Of texts which wait with saddle on and bridle  
 To hunt down atheists to their ugly idol.

## XXIV.

“This, I perceive, has been your occupation;  
 You should have been more usefully employed;  
 All men are bound to earn their daily ration,  
 Where States make not that primal contract void  
 By cramps and limits; simple devastation  
 Is the worm's task, and what he has destroyed  
 His monument; creating is man's work  
 And that, too, something more than mist and  
 murk.”

## XXV.

So having said, the youth was seen no more,  
 And straightway our sage Brahmin, the philoso-  
 pher,  
 Cried, “That was aimed at thee, thou endless  
 bore,  
 Idle and useless as the growth of moss over  
 A rotting tree-trunk!” “I would square that  
 score  
 Full soon,” replied the Dervise, “could I cross  
 over  
 And catch thee by the beard. Thy nails I'd  
 trim  
 And make thee work, as was advised by him.”

## XXVI.

“Work? Am I not at work from morn till night  
Sounding the deeps of oracles umbilical

Which for man’s guidance never come to light,  
With all their various aptitudes, until I call?”

“And I, do I not twirl from left to right  
For conscience’ sake? Is that no work? Thou  
silly gull,  
He had thee in his eye; ’t was Gabriel  
Sent to reward my faith, I know him well.”

## XXVII.

“’T was Vishnu, thou vile whirligig!” and so  
The good old quarrel was begun anew;  
One would have sworn the sky was black as sloe,  
Had but the other dared to call it blue;

Nor were the followers who fed them slow  
To treat each other with their curses, too,  
Each hating t’ other (moves it tears or laugh-  
ter?)

Because he thought him sure of hell hereafter.

## XXVIII.

At last some genius built a bridge of boats  
Over the stream, and Ahmed’s zealots filed  
Across, upon a mission to (cut throats  
And) spread religion pure and undefiled;  
They sowed the propagandist’s wildest oats,  
Cutting off all, down to the smallest child,  
And came back, giving thanks for such fat mer-  
cies,  
To find their harvest gone past prayers or curses.

## XXIX.

All gone except their saint's religious hops,  
Which he kept up with more than common flourish:  
But these, however satisfying crops  
For the inner man, were not enough to nourish  
The body politic, which quickly drops  
Reserve in such sad junctures, and turns currish;  
So Ahmed soon got cursed for all the famine  
Where'er the popular voice could edge a damn  
in.

## XXX.

At first he pledged a miracle quite boldly,  
And, for a day or two, they growled and waited;  
But, finding that this kind of manna coldly  
Sat on their stomachs, they erelong berated  
The saint for still persisting in that old lie,  
Till soon the whole machine of saintship grated,  
Ran slow, creaked, stopped, and, wishing him in  
Tophet,  
They gathered strength enough to stone the  
prophet.

## XXXI.

Some stronger ones contrived (by eating leather,  
Their weaker friends, and one thing or another)  
The winter months of scarcity to weather;  
Among these was the late saint's younger brother,  
Who, in the spring, collecting them together,  
Persuaded them that Ahmed's holy pother  
Had wrought in their behalf, and that the place  
Of Saint should be continued to his race.

## XXXII.

Accordingly, 't was settled on the spot  
That Allah favored that peculiar breed ;  
Beside, as all were satisfied, 't would not  
Be quite respectable to have the need  
Of public spiritual food forgot ;  
And so the tribe, with proper forms, decreed  
That he, and, failing him, his next of kin,  
Forever for the people's good should spin.



UNDER THE WILLOWS, AND OTHER  
POEMS

TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

AGRO DOLCE

THE wind is roistering out of doors,  
My windows shake and my chimney roars ;  
My Elmwood chimneys seem crooning to me,  
As of old, in their moody, minor key,  
And out of the past the hoarse wind blows,  
As I sit in my arm-chair, and toast my toes.

“Ho ! ho ! nine-and-forty,” they seem to sing,  
“We saw you a little toddling thing.  
We knew you child and youth and man,  
A wonderful fellow to dream and plan,  
With a great thing always to come, — who knows ?  
Well, well ! ’t is some comfort to toast one’s toes.

“How many times have you sat at gaze  
Till the mouldering fire forgot to blaze,  
Shaping among the whimsical coals  
Fancies and figures and shining goals !  
What matters the ashes that cover those ?  
While hickory lasts you can toast your toes.

“O dream-ship-builder ! where are they all,  
 Your grand three-deckers, deep-chested and tall,  
 That should crush the waves under canvas piles,  
 And anchor at last by the Fortunate Isles ?  
 There 's gray in your beard, the years turn foes,  
 While you muse in your arm-chair, and toast your  
 toes.”

I sit and dream that I hear, as of yore,  
 My Elmwood chimneys' deep-throated roar ;  
 If much be gone, there is much remains ;  
 By the embers of loss I count my gains,  
 You and yours with the best, till the old hope glows  
 In the fanciful flame, as I toast my toes.

Instead of a fleet of broad-browed ships,  
 To send a child's armada of chips !  
 Instead of the great guns, tier on tier,  
 A freight of pebbles and grass-blades sere !  
 “ Well, maybe more love with the less gift goes,”  
 I growl, as, half moody, I toast my toes.

#### UNDER THE WILLOWS

FRANK-HEARTED hostess of the field and wood,  
 Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading tree,  
 June is the pearl of our New England year.  
 Still a surprisal, though expected long,  
 Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,  
 Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,  
 Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,

With one great gush of blossom storms the world.  
A week ago the sparrow was divine ;  
The bluebird, shifting his light load of song  
From post to post along the cheerless fence,  
Was as a rhymer ere the poet come ;  
But now, oh rapture ! sunshine winged and voiced,  
Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath of  
the West

Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,  
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,  
The bobolink has come, and, like the soul  
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,  
Gurples in ecstasy we know not what  
Save *June ! Dear June ! Now God be praised*  
*for June.*

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,  
A ghastly parody of real Spring  
Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern  
wind ;

Or if, o'er-confident, she trust the date,  
And, with her handful of anemones,  
Herself as shivery, steal into the sun,  
The season need but turn his hourglass round,  
And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,  
Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms,  
Her budding breasts and wan dislusted front  
With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard  
All overblown. Then, warmly walled with books,  
While my wood-fire supplies the sun's defect,  
Whispering old forest-sagas in its dreams,  
I take my May down from the happy shelf

Where perch the world's rare song-birds in a row,  
 Waiting my choice to open with full breast,  
 And beg an alms of springtime, ne'er denied  
 Indoors by vernal Chaucer, whose fresh woods  
 Throb thick with merle and mavis all the year.

July breathes hot, sallows the crispy fields,  
 Curls up the wan leaves of the lilac-hedge,  
 And every eve cheats us with show of clouds  
 That braze the horizon's western rim, or hang  
 Motionless, with heaped canvas drooping idly,  
 Like a dim fleet by starving men besieged,  
 Conjectured half, and half descried afar,  
 Helpless of wind, and seeming to slip back  
 Adown the smooth curve of the oily sea.

But June is full of invitations sweet,  
 Forth from the chimney's yawn and thrice-read  
 tomes

To leisurely delights and sauntering thoughts  
 That brook no ceiling narrower than the blue.  
 The cherry, drest for bridal, at my pane  
 Brushes, then listens, *Will he come?* The bee,  
 All dusty as a miller, takes his toll  
 Of powdery gold, and grumbles. What a day  
 To sun me and do nothing! Nay, I think  
 Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes  
 The student's wiser business; the brain  
 That forages all climes to line its cells,  
 Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish,  
 Will not distil the juices it has sucked  
 To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,

Except for him who hath the secret learned  
To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take  
The winds into his pulses. Hush! 't is he!  
My oriole, my glance of summer fire,  
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,  
Twitches the packthread I had lightly wound  
About the bough to help his housekeeping, —  
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,  
Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,  
Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,  
Divines the providence that hides and helps.  
*Heave, ho! Heave, ho!* he whistles as the twine  
Slackens its hold; *once more, now!* and a flash  
Lightens across the sunlight to the elm  
Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt.  
Nor all his booty is the thread; he trails  
My loosened thought with it along the air,  
And I must follow, would I ever find  
The inward rhyme to all this wealth of life.

I care not how men trace their ancestry,  
To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;  
But I in June am midway to believe  
A tree among my far progenitors,  
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,  
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet  
There is between us. Surely there are times  
When they consent to own me of their kin,  
And condescend to me, and call me cousin,  
Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,  
Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills  
Moving the lips, though fruitless of all words.

And I have many a lifelong leafy friend,  
Never estranged nor careful of my soul,  
That knows I hate the axe, and welcomes me  
Within his tent as if I were a bird,  
Or other free companion of the earth,  
Yet undegenerate to the shifts of men.  
Among them one, an ancient willow, spreads  
Eight balanced limbs, springing at once all round  
His deep-ridged trunk with upward slant diverse,  
In outline like enormous beaker, fit  
For hand of Jotun, where mid snow and mist  
He holds unwieldy revel. This tree, spared,  
I know not by what grace, — for in the blood  
Of our New World subduers lingers yet  
Hereditary feud with trees, they being  
(They and the red-man most) our fathers' foes, —  
Is one of six, a willow Pleiades,  
The seventh fallen, that lean along the brink  
Where the steep upland dips into the marsh,  
Their roots, like molten metal cooled in flowing,  
Stiffened in coils and runnels down the bank.  
The friend of all the winds, wide-armed he towers  
And glints his steely aglets in the sun,  
Or whitens fitfully with sudden bloom  
Of leaves breeze-lifted, much as when a shoal  
Of devious minnows wheel from where a pike  
Lurks balanced 'neath the lily-pads, and whirl  
A rood of silver bellies to the day.

Alas! no acorn from the British oak  
'Neath which slim fairies tripping wrought those  
rings

Of greenest emerald, wherewith fireside life  
Did with the invisible spirit of Nature wed,  
Was ever planted here ! No darnel fancy  
Might choke one useful blade in Puritan fields ;  
With horn and hoof the good old Devil came,  
The witch's broomstick was not contraband,  
But all that superstition had of fair,  
Or piety of native sweet, was doomed.  
And if there be who nurse unholy faiths,  
Fearing their god as if he were a wolf  
That snuffed round every home and was not seen,  
There should be some to watch and keep alive  
All beautiful beliefs. And such was that, —  
By solitary shepherd first surmised  
Under Thessalian oaks, loved by some maid  
Of royal stirp, that silent came and vanished,  
As near her nest the hermit thrush, nor dared  
Confess a mortal name, — that faith which gave  
A Hamadryad to each tree ; and I  
Will hold it true that in this willow dwells  
The open-handed spirit, frank and blithe,  
Of ancient Hospitality, long since,  
With ceremonious thrift, bowed out of doors.

In June 't is good to lie beneath a tree  
While the blithe season comforts every sense,  
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,  
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,  
Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow  
Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up  
And tenderly lines some last-year robin's nest.  
There muse I of old times, old hopes, old friends, —

Old friends ! The writing of those words has borne  
My fancy backward to the gracious past,  
The generous past, when all was possible,  
For all was then untried ; the years between  
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none  
Wiser than this, — to spend in all things else,  
But of old friends to be most miserly.  
Each year to ancient friendships adds a ring,  
As to an oak, and precious more and more,  
Without deservingness or help of ours,  
They grow, and, silent, wider spread, each year,  
Their unbought ring of shelter or of shade.  
Sacred to me the lichens on the bark,  
Which Nature's milliners would scrape away ;  
Most dear and sacred every withered limb !  
'T is good to set them early, for our faith  
Pines as we age, and, after wrinkles come,  
Few plant, but water dead ones with vain tears.

This willow is as old to me as life ;  
And under it full often have I stretched,  
Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive,  
And gathering virtue in at every pore  
Till it possessed me wholly, and thought ceased,  
Or was transfused in something to which thought  
Is coarse and dull of sense. Myself was lost,  
Gone from me like an ache, and what remained  
Become a part of the universal joy.  
My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree,  
Danced in the leaves ; or, floating in the cloud,  
Saw its white double in the stream below ;  
Or else, sublimed to purer ecstasy,



Dilated in the broad blue over all.  
I was the wind that dappled the lush grass,  
The tide that crept with coolness to its roots,  
The thin-winged swallow skating on the air;  
The life that gladdened everything was mine.  
Was I then truly all that I beheld?  
Or is this stream of being but a glass  
Where the mind sees its visionary self,  
As, when the kingfisher flits o'er his bay,  
Across the river's hollow heaven below  
His picture flits, — another, yet the same?  
But suddenly the sound of human voice  
Or footfall, like the drop a chemist pours,  
Doth in opacous cloud precipitate  
The consciousness that seemed but now dissolved  
Into an essence rarer than its own,  
And I am narrowed to myself once more.

For here not long is solitude secure,  
Nor Fantasy left vacant to her spell.  
Here, sometimes, in this paradise of shade,  
Rippled with western winds, the dusty Tramp,  
Seeing the treeless causey burn beyond,  
Halts to unroll his bundle of strange food  
And munch an unearned meal. I cannot help  
Liking this creature, lavish Summer's bedesman,  
Who from the almshouse steals when nights grow  
warm,  
Himself his large estate and only charge,  
To be the guest of haystack or of hedge,  
Nobly superior to the household gear  
That forfeits us our privilege of nature.

I bait him with my match-box and my pouch,  
Nor grudge the uncostly sympathy of smoke,  
His equal now, divinely unemployed.  
Some smack of Robin Hood is in the man,  
Some secret league with wild wood-wandering  
things ;

He is our ragged Duke, our barefoot Earl,  
By right of birth exonerate from toil,  
Who levies rent from us his tenants all,  
And serves the state by merely being. Here  
The Scissors-grinder, pausing, doffs his hat,  
And lets the kind breeze, with its delicate fan,  
Winnow the heat from out his dank gray hair, —  
A grimy Ulysses, a much-wandered man,  
Whose feet are known to all the populous ways,  
And many men and manners he hath seen,  
Not without fruit of solitary thought.  
He, as the habit is of lonely men, —  
Unused to try the temper of their mind  
In fence with others, — positive and shy,  
Yet knows to put an edge upon his speech,  
Pithily Saxon in unwilling talk.  
Him I entrap with my long-suffering knife,  
And, while its poor blade hums away in sparks,  
Sharpen my wit upon his gritty mind,  
In motion set obsequious to his wheel,  
And in its quality not much unlike.

Nor wants my tree more punctual visitors.  
The children, they who are the only rich,  
Creating for the moment, and possessing  
Whate'er they choose to feign, — for still with  
them

Kind Fancy plays the fairy godmother,  
 Strewing their lives with cheap material  
 For winged horses and Aladdin's lamps,  
 Pure elfin-gold, by manhood's touch profane  
 To dead leaves disenchanted, — long ago  
 Between the branches of the tree fixed seats,  
 Making an o'erturned box their table. Oft  
 The shrilling girls sit here between school hours,  
 And play at *What's my thought like?* while the  
       boys,

With whom the age chivalric ever bides,  
 Pricked on by knightly spur of female eyes,  
 Climb high to swing and shout on perilous boughs,  
 Or, from the willow's armory equipped  
 With musket dumb, green banner, edgeless sword,  
 Make good the rampart of their tree-redoubt  
 'Gainst eager British storming from below,  
 And keep alive the tale of Bunker's Hill.

Here, too, the men that mend our village ways,  
 Vexing Macadam's ghost with pounded slate,  
 Their nooning take; much noisy talk they spend  
 On horses and their ills; and, as John Bull  
 Tells of Lord This or That, who was his friend,  
 So these make boast of intimacies long  
 With famous teams, and add large estimates,  
 By competition swelled from mouth to mouth,  
 Of how much they could draw, till one, ill pleased  
 To have his legend overbid, retorts:  
 "You take and stretch truck-horses in a string  
 From here to Long Wharf end, one thing I know,  
 Not heavy neither, they could never draw, —

Ensign's long bow!" Then laughter loud and long.

So they in their leaf-shadowed microcosm  
Image the larger world ; for wheresoe'er  
Ten men are gathered, the observant eye  
Will find mankind in little, as the stars  
Glide up and set, and all the heavens revolve  
In the small welkin of a drop of dew.

I love to enter pleasure by a postern,  
Not the broad popular gate that gulps the mob ;  
To find my theatres in roadside nooks,  
Where men are actors, and suspect it not ;  
Where Nature all unconscious works her will,  
And every passion moves with easy gait,  
Unhampered by the buskin or the train.  
Hating the crowd, where we gregarious men  
Lead lonely lives, I love society,  
Nor seldom find the best with simple souls  
Unswerved by culture from their native bent,  
The ground we meet on being primal man  
And nearer the deep bases of our lives.

But oh, half heavenly, earthly half, my soul,  
Canst thou from those late ecstasies descend,  
Thy lips still wet with the miraculous wine  
That transubstantiates all thy baser stuff  
To such divinity that soul and sense,  
Once more commingled in their source, are lost, —  
Canst thou descend to quench a vulgar thirst  
With the mere dregs and rinsings of the world ?  
Well, if my nature find her pleasure so,

I am content, nor need to blush ; I take  
My little gift of being clean from God,  
Not haggling for a better, holding it  
Good as was ever any in the world,  
My days as good and full of miracle.  
I pluck my nutriment from any bush,  
Finding out poison as the first men did  
By tasting and then suffering, if I must.  
Sometimes my bush burns, and sometimes it is  
A leafless wilding shivering by the wall ;  
But I have known when winter barberries  
Pricked the effeminate palate with surprise  
Of savor whose mere harshness seemed divine.

Oh, benediction of the higher mood  
And human-kindness of the lower ! for both  
I will be grateful while I live, nor question  
The wisdom that hath made us what we are,  
With such large range as from the alehouse bench  
Can reach the stars and be with both at home.  
They tell us we have fallen on prosy days,  
Condemned to glean the leavings of earth's feast  
Where gods and heroes took delight of old ;  
But though our lives, moving in one dull round  
Of repetition infinite, become  
Stale as a newspaper once read, and though  
History herself, seen in her workshop, seem  
To have lost the art that dyed those glorious panes,  
Rich with memorial shapes of saint and sage,  
That pave with splendor the Past's dusky aisles, —  
Panes that enchant the light of common day  
With colors costly as the blood of kings,

Till with ideal hues it edge our thought, —  
 Yet while the world is left, while nature lasts,  
 And man the best of nature, there shall be  
 Somewhere contentment for these human hearts,  
 Some freshness, some unused material  
 For wonder and for song. I lose myself  
 In other ways where solemn guide-posts say,  
*This way to Knowledge, This way to Repose,*  
 But here, here only, I am ne'er betrayed,  
 For every by-path leads me to my love.

God's passionless reformers, influences,  
 That purify and heal and are not seen,  
 Shall man say whence your virtue is, or how  
 Ye make medicinal the wayside weed ?  
 I know that sunshine, through whatever rift  
 How shaped it matters not, upon my walls  
 Paints discs as perfect-rounded as its source,  
 And, like its antitype, the ray divine,  
 However finding entrance, perfect still,  
 Repeats the image unimpaired of God.

We, who by shipwreck only find the shores  
 Of divine wisdom, can but kneel at first ;  
 Can but exult to feel beneath our feet,  
 That long stretched vainly down the yielding deeps,  
 The shock and sustenance of solid earth ;  
 Inland afar we see what temples gleam  
 Through immemorial stems of sacred groves,  
 And we conjecture shining shapes therein ;  
 Yet for a space we love to wander here  
 Among the shells and seaweed of the beach.

So mused I once within my willow-tent  
 One brave June morning, when the bluff north-  
     west,  
 Thrusting aside a dank and snuffling day  
 That made us bitter at our neighbors' sins,  
 Brimmed the great cup of heaven with sparkling  
     cheer  
 And roared a lusty stave ; the sliding Charles,  
 Blue toward the west, and bluer and more blue,  
 Living and lustrous as a woman's eyes  
 Look once and look no more, with southward curve  
 Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's hair  
 Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial gold ;  
 From blossom-clouded orchards, far away  
 The bobolink tinkled ; the deep meadows flowed  
 With multitudinous pulse of light and shade  
 Against the bases of the southern hills,  
 While here and there a drowsy island rick  
 Slept and its shadow slept ; the wooden bridge  
 Thundered, and then was silent ; on the roofs  
 The sun-warped shingles rippled with the heat ;  
 Summer on field and hill, in heart and brain,  
 All life washed clean in this high tide of June.

## DARA

WHEN Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand  
 Wilted with harem-heats, and all the land  
 Was hovered over by those vulture ills  
 That snuff decaying empire from afar,  
 Then, with a nature balanced as a star,  
 Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed fleecy subjects well  
Made his own village by the selfsame spell  
Secure and quiet as a guarded fold ;  
Then, gathering strength by slow and wise degrees  
Under his sway, to neighbor villages  
Order returned, and faith and justice old.

Now when it fortune'd that a king more wise  
Endued the realm with brain and hands and eyes,  
He sought on every side men brave and just ;  
And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,  
How he refilled the mould of elder days,  
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,  
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride  
Than in his crook before ; but envy finds  
More food in cities than on mountains bare ;  
And the frank sun of natures clear and rare  
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.

Soon it was hissed into the royal ear,  
That, though wise Dara's province, year by year,  
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,  
Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's behest,  
Some yellow drops, more rich than all the rest,  
Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said, that, wheresoe'er he went,  
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,  
Went with him ; and no mortal eye had seen  
What was therein, save only Dara's own ;



But, when 't was opened, all his tent was known  
To glow and lighten with heaped jewels' sheen.

The King set forth for Dara's province straight ;  
There, as was fit, outside the city's gate,  
The viceroy met him with a stately train,  
And there, with archers circled, close at hand,  
A camel with the chest was seen to stand :  
The King's brow reddened, for the guilt was  
plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure-chest !"  
'T was done ; and only a worn shepherd's vest  
Was found therein. Some blushed and hung the  
head ;

Not Dara ; open as the sky's blue roof  
He stood, and "O my lord, behold the proof,  
That I was faithful to my trust," he said.

"To govern men, lo all the spell I had !  
My soul in these rude vestments ever clad  
Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,  
Still on these plains could breathe her mountain  
air,

And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,  
Which bend men from their truth and make them  
reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have small skill,  
Were I not lord of simple Dara still ;  
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."  
Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright,

And strained the throbbing lids ; before 't was  
    night  
Two added provinces blest Dara's sway.

## THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,  
    And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
    With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
    Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree  
    Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
    Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,  
    And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
    The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,  
    Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
    Where a little headstone stood ;  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
    As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"  
And I told of the good All-father  
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
And thought of the leaden sky  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
"The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

## THE SINGING LEAVES

## A BALLAD

## I.

“WHAT fairings will ye that I bring?”  
Said the King to his daughters three;  
“For I to Vanity Fair am boun,  
Now say what shall they be?”

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,  
That lady tall and grand:  
“Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,  
And gold rings for my hand.”

Thereafter spake the second daughter,  
That was both white and red:  
“For me bring silks that will stand alone,  
And a gold comb for my head.”

Then came the turn of the least daughter,  
That was whiter than thistle-down,  
And among the gold of her blithesome hair  
Dim shone the golden crown.

“There came a bird this morning,  
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,  
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,  
'Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.'”

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson  
With a flush of angry scorn:

“ Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,  
And chosen as ye were born ;

“ But she, like a thing of peasant race,  
That is happy binding the sheaves ; ”  
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,  
And said, “ Thou shalt have thy leaves.”

## II.

He mounted and rode three days and nights  
Till he came to Vanity Fair,  
And 't was easy to buy the gems and the silk,  
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,  
And asked of every tree,  
“ Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,  
I pray you give it me ! ”

But the trees all kept their counsel,  
And never a word said they,  
Only there sighed from the pine-tops  
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen  
Made a sound of growing rain,  
That fell ever faster and faster,  
Then faltered to silence again

“ Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page  
That would win both hose and shoon,  
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves  
If they grow under the moon ? ”

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,  
By the stirrup as he ran :  
“ Now pledge you me the truesome word  
Of a king and gentleman,  
“ That you will give me the first, first thing  
You meet at your castle-gate,  
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,  
Or mine be a traitor’s fate.”

The King’s head dropt upon his breast  
A moment, as it might be ;  
’T will be my dog, he thought, and said,  
“ My faith I plight to thee.”

Then Walter took from next his heart  
A packet small and thin,  
“ Now give you this to the Princess Anne,  
The Singing Leaves are therein.”

## III.

As the King rode in at his castle-gate,  
A maiden to meet him ran,  
And “ Welcome, father ! ” she laughed and  
cried  
Together, the Princess Anne.  
“ Lo, here the Singing Leaves,” quoth he,  
“ And woe, but they cost me dear ! ”  
She took the packet, and the smile  
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,  
And then gushed up again,  
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun  
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,  
Sang: "I am Walter the page,  
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window  
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land  
That is neither on earth nor sea,  
My lute and I are lords of more  
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine! Be mine!"  
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"  
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,  
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,  
At the second she turned aside,  
At the third, 't was as if a lily flushed  
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,  
"I have my hope thrice o'er,  
For they sing to my very heart," she said,  
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,  
But and broad earldoms three,

And he made her queen of the broader lands  
He held of his lute in fee.

## SEAWEED

Not always unimpeded can I pray,  
Nor, pitying saint, thine intercession claim ;  
Too closely clings the burden of the day,  
And all the mint and anise that I pay  
But swells my debt and deepens my self-blame.

Shall I less patience have than Thou, who know  
That Thou revisit'st all who wait for thee,  
Nor only fill'st the unsounded deeps below,  
But dost refresh with punctual overflow  
The rifts where unregarded mosses be ?

The drooping seaweed hears, in night abyssed,  
Far and more far the wave's receding shocks,  
Nor doubts, for all the darkness and the mist,  
That the pale shepherdess will keep her tryst,  
And shoreward lead again her foam-fleeced flocks.

For the same wave that rims the Carib shore  
With momentary brede of pearl and gold,  
Goes hurrying thence to gladden with its roar  
Lorn weeds bound fast on rocks of Labrador,  
By love divine on one sweet errand rolled.

And, though Thy healing waters far withdraw,  
I, too, can wait and feed on hope of Thee



And of the dear recurrence of Thy law,  
Sure that the parting grace my morning saw  
Abides its time to come in search of me.

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE

THERE lay upon the ocean's shore  
What once a tortoise served to cover ;  
A year and more, with rush and roar,  
The surf had rolled it over,  
Had played with it, and flung it by,  
As wind and weather might decide it,  
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry  
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,  
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it ;  
With many a ban the fisherman  
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it ;  
And there the fisher-girl would stay,  
Conjecturing with her brother  
How in their play the poor estray  
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry  
As empty as the last new sonnet,  
Till by and by came Mercury,  
And, having mused upon it,  
“ Why, here,” cried he, “ the thing of things  
In shape, material, and dimension !

Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,  
A wonderful invention !”

So said, so done ; the chords he strained,  
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,  
The shell disdained a soul had gained,  
The lyre had been discovered.  
O empty world that round us lies,  
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,  
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,  
In thee what songs should waken !

NEW-YEAR'S EVE, 1850

THIS is the midnight of the century, — hark !  
Through aisle and arch of Godminster have gone  
Twelve throbs that tolled the zenith of the dark,  
And mornward now the starry hands move on ;  
“ Mornward ! ” the angelic watchers say,  
“ Passed is the sorest trial ;  
No plot of man can stay  
The hand upon the dial ;  
Night is the dark stem of the lily Day.”

If we, who watched in valleys here below,  
Toward streaks, misdeemed of morn, our faces  
turned  
When volcan glares set all the east aglow,  
We are not poorer that we wept and yearned ;  
Though earth swing wide from God's intent,  
And though no man nor nation

Will move with full consent  
In heavenly gravitation,  
Yet by one Sun is every orbit bent.

## FOR AN AUTOGRAPH

THOUGH old the thought and oft exprest,  
'T is his at last who says it best, —  
I'll try my fortune with the rest.

Life is a leaf of paper white  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two, and then comes night.

“Lo, time and space enough,” we cry,  
“To write an epic!” so we try  
Our nibs upon the edge, and die.

Muse not which way the pen to hold,  
Luck hates the slow and loves the bold,  
Soon come the darkness and the cold.

Greatly begin! though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime, —  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Ah, with what lofty hope we came!  
But we forget it, dream of fame,  
And scrawl, as I do here, a name.

## AL FRESCO

THE dandelions and buttercups  
 Gild all the lawn ; the drowsy bee  
 Stumbles among the clover-tops,  
 And summer sweetens all but me :  
 Away, unfruitful lore of books,  
 For whose vain idiom we reject  
 The soul's more native dialect,  
 Aliens among the birds and brooks,  
 Dull to interpret or conceive  
 What gospels lost the woods retrieve !  
 Away, ye critics, city-bred,  
 Who springes set of thus and so,  
 And in the first man's footsteps tread,  
 Like those who toil through drifted snow !  
 Away, my poets, whose sweet spell  
 Can make a garden of a cell !  
 I need ye not, for I to-day  
 Will make one long sweet verse of play.

Snap, chord of manhood's tenser strain !  
 To-day I will be a boy again ;  
 The mind's pursuing element,  
 Like a bow slackened and unbent,  
 In some dark corner shall be leant.  
 The robin sings, as of old, from the limb !  
 The cat-bird croons in the lilac-bush !  
 Through the dim arbor, himself more dim,  
 Silently hops the hermit-thrush,  
 The withered leaves keep dumb for him ;

The irreverent buccaneering bee  
 Hath stormed and rifled the nunnery  
 Of the lily, and scattered the sacred floor  
 With haste-dropt gold from shrine to door ;  
 There, as of yore,  
 The rich, milk-tingeing buttercup  
 Its tiny polished urn holds up,  
 Filled with ripe summer to the edge,  
 The sun in his own wine to pledge ;  
 And our tall elm, this hundredth year  
 Doge of our leafy Venice here,  
 Who, with an annual ring, doth wed  
 The blue Adriatic overhead,  
 Shadows with his palatial mass  
 The deep canals of flowing grass.

O unestrangēd birds and bees !  
 O face of Nature always true !  
 O never-unsympathizing trees !  
 O never-rejecting roof of blue,  
 Whose rash disherison never falls  
 On us unthinking prodigals,  
 Yet who convictest all our ill,  
 So grand and unappeasable !  
 Methinks my heart from each of these  
 Plucks part of childhood back again,  
 Long there imprisoned, as the breeze  
 Doth every hidden odor seize  
 Of wood and water, hill and plain ;  
 Once more am I admitted peer  
 In the upper house of Nature here,  
 And feel through all my pulses run  
 The royal blood of wind and sun.

Upon these elm-arched solitudes  
 No hum of neighbor toil intrudes ;  
 The only hammer that I hear  
 Is wielded by the woodpecker,  
 The single noisy calling his  
 In all our leaf-hid Sybaris ;  
 The good old time, close-hidden here,  
 Persists, a loyal cavalier,  
 While Roundheads prim, with point of fox,  
 Probe wainscot-chink and empty box ;  
 Here no hoarse-voiced iconoclast  
 Insults thy statues, royal Past ;  
 Myself too prone the axe to wield,  
 I touch the silver side of the shield  
 With lance reversed, and challenge peace,  
 A willing convert of the trees.

How chanced it that so long I tost  
 A cable's length from this rich coast,  
 With foolish anchors hugging close  
 The beckoning weeds and lazy ooze,  
 Nor had the wit to wreck before  
 On this enchanted island's shore,  
 Whither the current of the sea,  
 With wiser drift, persuaded me ?

Oh, might we but of such rare days  
 Build up the spirit's dwelling-place !  
 A temple of so Parian stone  
 Would brook a marble god alone,  
 The statue of a perfect life,  
 Far-shrined from earth's bestaining strife.

Alas! though such felicity  
In our vexed world here may not be,  
Yet, as sometimes the peasant's hut  
Shows stones which old religion cut  
With text inspired, or mystic sign  
Of the Eternal and Divine,  
Torn from the consecration deep  
Of some fallen nunnery's mossy sleep,  
So, from the ruins of this day  
Crumbling in golden dust away,  
The soul one gracious block may draw,  
Carved with some fragment of the law,  
Which, set in life's prosaic wall,  
Old benedictions may recall,  
And lure some nunlike thoughts to take  
Their dwelling here for memory's sake.

## MASACCIO

## IN THE BRANCACCI CHAPEL

HE came to Florence long ago,  
And painted here these walls, that shone  
For Raphael and for Angelo,  
With secrets deeper than his own,  
Then shrank into the dark again,  
And died, we know not how or when.

The shadows deepened, and I turned  
Half sadly from the fresco grand;  
"And is this," mused I, "all ye earned,

High-vaulted brain and cunning hand,  
That ye to greater men could teach  
The skill yourselves could never reach ? ”

“ And who were they,” I mused, “ that wrought  
Through pathless wilds, with labor long,  
The highways of our daily thought ?  
Who reared those towers of earliest song  
That lift us from the crowd to peace  
Remote in sunny silences ? ”

Out clanged the Ave Mary bells,  
And to my heart this message came :  
Each clamorous throat among them tells  
What strong-souled martyrs died in flame  
To make it possible that thou  
Shouldst here with brother sinners bow.

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we  
Breathe cheaply in the common air ;  
The dust we trample heedlessly  
Throbbled once in saints and heroes rare,  
Who perished, opening for their race  
New pathways to the commonplace.

Henceforth, when rings the health to those  
Who live in story and in song,  
O nameless dead, that now repose  
Safe in Oblivion's chambers strong,  
One cup of recognition true  
Shall silently be drained to you !



## WITHOUT AND WITHIN

MY coachman, in the moonlight there,  
Looks through the side-light of the door ;  
I hear him with his brethren swear,  
As I could do, — but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,  
He envies me my brilliant lot,  
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,  
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,  
A silken wonder by my side,  
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row  
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm  
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load ;  
And wishes me some dreadful harm,  
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore  
Of hunting still the same old coon,  
And envy him, outside the door,  
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold  
As the bright smile he sees me win,  
Nor the host's oldest wine so old  
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance  
 With which his freezing feet he warms,  
 And drag my lady's-chains and dance  
 The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,  
 And I his quiet! — past a doubt  
 'T would still be one man bored within,  
 And just another bored without.

Nay, when, once paid my mortal fee,  
 Some idler on my headstone grim  
 Traces the moss-blurred name, will he  
 Think me the happier, or I him?

### GODMINSTER CHIMES

WRITTEN IN AID OF A CHIME OF BELLS FOR CHRIST  
 CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

GODMINSTER? Is it Fancy's play?  
 I know not, but the word  
 Sings in my heart, nor can I say  
 Whether 't was dreamed or heard;  
 Yet fragrant in my mind it clings  
 As blossoms after rain,  
 And builds of half-remembered things  
 This vision in my brain.

Through aisles of long-drawn centuries  
 My spirit walks in thought,

And to that symbol lifts its eyes  
Which God's own pity wrought ;  
From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,  
The Church's East is there,  
The Ages one great minster seem,  
That throbs with praise and prayer.

And all the way from Calvary down  
The carven pavement shows  
Their graves who won the martyr's crown  
And safe in God repose ;  
The saints of many a warring creed  
Who now in heaven have learned  
That all paths to the Father lead  
Where Self the feet have spurned.

And, as the mystic aisles I pace,  
By aureoled workmen built,  
Lives ending at the Cross I trace  
Alike through grace and guilt ;  
One Mary bathes the blessed feet  
With ointment from her eyes,  
With spikenard one, and both are sweet,  
For both are sacrifice.

Moravian hymn and Roman chant  
In one devotion blend,  
To speak the soul's eternal want  
Of Him, the inmost friend ;  
One prayer soars cleansed with martyr fire,  
One choked with sinner's tears,  
In heaven both meet in one desire,  
And God one music hears.

Whilst thus I dream, the bells clash out  
 Upon the Sabbath air,  
 Each seems a hostile faith to shout,  
 A selfish form of prayer ;  
 My dream is shattered, yet who knows  
 But in that heaven so near  
 These discords find harmonious close  
 In God's atoning ear ?

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,  
 Peal soon that Easter morn  
 When Christ for all shall risen be,  
 And in all hearts new-born !  
 That Pentecost when utterance clear  
 To all men shall be given,  
 When all shall say *My Brother* here,  
 And hear *My Son* in heaven !

#### THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

WHO hath not been a poet ? Who hath not,  
 With life's new quiver full of wing'd years,  
 Shot at a venture, and then, following on,  
 Stood doubtful at the Parting of the Ways ?

There once I stood in dream, and as I paused,  
 Looking this way and that, came forth to me  
 The figure of a woman veiled, that said,  
 " My name is Duty, turn and follow me ;"  
 Something there was that chilled me in her voice ;  
 I felt Youth's hand grow slack and cold in mine,

As if to be withdrawn, and I exclaimed :  
“ Oh, leave the hot wild heart within my breast !  
Duty comes soon enough, too soon comes Death ;  
This slippery globe of life whirls of itself,  
Hasting our youth away into the dark ;  
These senses, quivering with electric heats,  
Too soon will show, like nests on wintry boughs  
Obtrusive emptiness, too palpable wreck,  
Which whistling north-winds line with downy snow  
Sometimes, or fringe with foliaged rime, in vain,  
Thither the singing birds no more return.”

Then glowed to me a maiden from the left,  
With bosom half disclosed, and naked arms  
More white and undulant than necks of swans ;  
And all before her steps an influence ran  
Warm as the whispering South that opens buds  
And swells the laggard sails of Northern May.  
“ I am called Pleasure, come with me ! ” she said,  
Then laughed, and shook out sunshine from her hair,  
Nor only that, but, so it seemed, shook out  
All memory too, and all the moonlit past,  
Old loves, old aspirations, and old dreams,  
More beautiful for being old and gone.

So we two went together ; downward sloped  
The path through yellow meads, or so I dreamed,  
Yellow with sunshine and young green, but I  
Saw naught nor heard, shut up in one close joy ;  
I only felt the hand within my own,  
Transmuting all my blood to golden fire,  
Dissolving all my brain in throbbing mist.

Suddenly shrank the hand ; suddenly burst  
 A cry that split the torpor of my brain,  
 And as the first sharp thrust of lightning loosens  
 From the heaped cloud its rain, loosened my sense :  
 "Save me!" it thrilled ; "oh, hide me! there is  
 Death!

Death the divider, the unmerciful,  
 That digs his pitfalls under Love and Youth,  
 And covers Beauty up in the cold ground ;  
 Horrible Death! bringer of endless dark ;  
 Let him not see me! hide me in thy breast!"  
 Thereat I strove to clasp her, but my arms  
 Met only what slipped crumbling down, and fell,  
 A handful of gray ashes, at my feet.

I would have fled, I would have followed back  
 That pleasant path we came, but all was changed ;  
 Rocky the way, abrupt, and hard to find ;  
 Yet I toiled on, and, toiling on, I thought,  
 "That way lies Youth, and Wisdom, and all Good ;  
 For only by unlearning Wisdom comes  
 And climbing backward to diviner Youth ;  
 What the world teaches profits to the world,  
 What the soul teaches profits to the soul,  
 Which then first stands erect with Godward face,  
 When she lets fall her pack of withered facts,  
 The gleanings of the outward eye and ear,  
 And looks and listens with her finer sense ;  
 Nor Truth nor Knowledge cometh from without."

After long, weary days I stood again  
 And waited at the Parting of the Ways ;

Again the figure of a woman veiled  
 Stood forth and beckoned, and I followed now :  
 Down to no bower of roses led the path,  
 But through the streets of towns where chattering  
     Cold  
 Hewed wood for fires whose glow was owned and  
     fenced,  
 Where Nakedness wove garments of warm wool  
 Not for itself ; — or through the fields it led  
 Where Hunger reaped the unattainable grain,  
 Where Idleness enforced saw idle lands,  
 Leagues of unpeopled soil, the common earth,  
 Walled round with paper against God and Man.  
 “ I cannot look,” I groaned, “ at only these ;  
 The heart grows hardened with perpetual wont,  
 And palters with a feigned necessity,  
 Bargaining with itself to be content ;  
 Let me behold thy face.”

The Form replied :

“ Men follow Duty, never overtake ;  
 Duty nor lifts her veil nor looks behind.”  
 But, as she spake, a loosened lock of hair  
 Slipped from beneath her hood, and I, who looked  
 To see it gray and thin, saw amplest gold ;  
 Not that dull metal dug from sordid earth,  
 But such as the retiring sunset flood  
 Leaves heaped on bays and capes of island cloud.  
 “ O Guide divine,” I prayed, “ although not yet  
 I may repair the virtue which I feel  
 Gone out at touch of untuned things and foul  
 With draughts of Beauty, yet declare how soon ! ”

“Faithless and faint of heart,” the voice returned,  
 “Thou seest no beauty save thou make it first;  
 Man, Woman, Nature, each is but a glass  
 Where the soul sees the image of herself,  
 Visible echoes, offsprings of herself.  
 But, since thou need’st assurance of how soon,  
 Wait till that angel comes who opens all,  
 The reconciler, he who lifts the veil,  
 The reuniter, the rest-bringer, Death.”

I waited, and methought he camè; but how,  
 Or in what shape, I doubted, for no sign,  
 By touch or mark, he gave me as he passed:  
 Only I knew a lily that I held  
 Snapt short below the head and shrivelled up;  
 Then turned my Guide and looked at me unveiled,  
 And I beheld no face of matron stern,  
 But that enchantment I had followed erst,  
 Only more fair, more clear to eye and brain,  
 Heightened and chastened by a household charm;  
 She smiled, and “Which is fairer,” said her eyes,  
 “The hag’s unreal Florimel or mine?”

## ALADDIN

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,  
 And lived in a cellar damp,  
 I had not a friend nor a toy,  
 But I had Aladdin’s lamp;  
 When I could not sleep for the cold,  
 I had fire enough in my brain,



And builded, with roofs of gold,  
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,  
I have money and power good store,  
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright  
For the one that is mine no more ;  
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,  
You gave, and may snatch again ;  
I have nothing 't would pain me to lose,  
For I own no more castles in Spain!

## AN INVITATION

TO J. F. H.

NINE years have slipt like hour-glass sand  
From life's still-emptying globe away,  
Since last, dear friend, I clasped your hand,  
And stood upon the impoverished land,  
Watching the steamer down the bay.

I held the token which you gave,  
While slowly the smoke-pennon curled  
O'er the vague rim 'tween sky and wave,  
And shut the distance like a grave,  
Leaving me in the colder world ;

The old, worn world of hurry and heat,  
The young, fresh world of thought and scope ;  
While you, where beckoning billows fleet

Climb far sky-beaches still and sweet,  
Sank wavering down the ocean-slope.

You sought the new world in the old,  
I found the old world in the new,  
All that our human hearts can hold,  
The inward world of deathless mould,  
The same that Father Adam knew.

He needs no ship to cross the tide,  
Who, in the lives about him, sees  
Fair window-prospects opening wide  
O'er history's fields on every side,  
To Ind and Egypt, Rome and Greece.

Whatever moulds of various brain  
E'er shaped the world to weal or woe,  
Whatever empires' wax and wane,  
To him that hath not eyes in vain,  
Our village-microcosm can show.

Come back our ancient walks to tread,  
Dear haunts of lost or scattered friends,  
Old Harvard's scholar-factories red,  
Where song and smoke and laughter sped  
The nights to proctor-haunted ends.

Constant are all our former loves,  
Unchanged the icehouse-girdled pond,  
Its hemlock glooms, its shadowy coves,  
Where floats the coot and never moves,  
Its slopes of long-tamed green beyond.

Our old familiars are not laid,  
Though snapt our wands and sunk our books ;  
They beckon, not to be gainsaid,  
Where, round broad meads that mowers wade,  
The Charles his steel-blue sickle crooks.

Where, as the cloudbergs eastward blow,  
From glow to gloom the hillsides shift  
Their plumps of orchard-trees arow,  
Their lakes of rye that wave and flow,  
Their snowy whiteweed's summer drift.

There have we watched the West unfurl  
A cloud Byzantium newly born,  
With flickering spires and domes of pearl,  
And vapory surfs that crowd and curl  
Into the sunset's Golden Horn.

There, as the flaming occident  
Burned slowly down to ashes gray,  
Night pitched o'erhead her silent tent,  
And glimmering gold from Hesper sprent  
Upon the darkened river lay,

Where a twin sky but just before  
Deepened, and double swallows skimmed,  
And from a visionary shore  
Hung visioned trees, that more and more  
Grew dusk as those above were dimmed.

Then eastward saw we slowly grow  
Clear-edged the lines of roof and spire,

While great elm-masses blacken slow,  
And linden-ricks their round heads show  
Against a flush of widening fire.

Doubtful at first and far away,  
The moon-flood creeps more wide and wide ;  
Up a ridged beach of cloudy gray,  
Curved round the east as round a bay,  
It slips and spreads its gradual tide.

Then suddenly, in lurid mood,  
The disk looms large o'er town and field  
As upon Adam, red like blood,  
'Tween him and Eden's happy wood,  
Glared the commissioned angel's shield.

Or let us seek the seaside, there  
To wander idly as we list,  
Whether, on rocky headlands bare,  
Sharp cedar-horns, like breakers, tear  
The trailing fringes of gray mist,

Or whether, under skies full flown,  
The brightening surfs, with foamy din,  
Their breeze-caught forelocks backward blown,  
Against the beach's yellow zone  
Curl slow, and plunge forever in.

And, as we watch those canvas towers  
That lean along the horizon's rim,  
"Sail on," I'll say ; " may sunniest hours  
Convoy you from this land of ours,  
Since from my side you bear not him ! "

For years thrice three, wise Horace said,  
A poem rare let silence bind ;  
And love may ripen in the shade,  
Like ours, for nine long seasons laid  
In deepest arches of the mind.

Come back ! Not ours the Old World's good,  
The Old World's ill, thank God, not ours ;  
But here, far better understood,  
The days enforce our native mood,  
And challenge all our manlier powers.

Kindlier to me the place of birth  
That first my tottering footsteps trod ;  
There may be fairer spots of earth,  
But all their glories are not worth  
The virtue in the native sod.

Thence climbs an influence more benign  
Through pulse and nerve, through heart and brain ;  
Sacred to me those fibres fine  
That first clasped earth. Oh, ne'er be mine  
The alien sun and alien rain !

These nourish not like homelier glows  
Or waterings of familiar skies,  
And nature fairer blooms bestows  
On the heaped hush of wintry snows,  
In pastures dear to childhood's eyes,

Than where Italian earth receives  
The partial sunshine's ampler boons,  
Where vines carve friezes 'neath the eaves,

And, in dark firmaments of leaves,  
The orange lifts its golden moons.

## THE NOMADES

WHAT Nature makes in any mood  
To me is warranted for good,  
Though long before I learned to see  
She did not set us moral theses,  
And scorned to have her sweet caprices  
Strait-waistcoated in you or me.

I, who take root and firmly cling,  
Thought fixedness the only thing;  
Why Nature made the butterflies,  
(Those dreams of wings that float and hover  
At noon the slumberous poppies over,)  
Was something hidden from mine eyes,

Till once, upon a rock's brown bosom,  
Bright as a thorny cactus-blossom,  
I saw a butterfly at rest;  
Then first of both I felt the beauty;  
The airy whim, the grim-set duty,  
Each from the other took its best.

Clearer it grew than winter sky  
That Nature still had reasons why;  
And, shifting sudden as a breeze,  
My fancy found no satisfaction,  
No antithetic sweet attraction,  
So great as in the Nomades.

Scythians, with Nature not at strife,  
Light Arabs of our complex life,  
They build no houses, plant no mills  
To utilize Time's sliding river,  
Content that it flow waste forever,  
If they, like it, may have their wills.

An hour they pitch their shifting tents  
In thoughts, in feelings, and events ;  
Beneath the palm-trees, on the grass,  
They sing, they dance, make love, and chatter,  
Vex the grim temples with their clatter,  
And make Truth's fount their looking-glass.

A picnic life ; from love to love,  
From faith to faith they lightly move,  
And yet, hard-eyed philosopher,  
The flightiest maid that ever hovered  
To me your thought-webs fine discovered,  
No lens to see them through like her.

So witchingly her finger-tips  
To Wisdom, as away she trips,  
She kisses, waves such sweet farewells  
To Duty, as she laughs " To-morrow ! "  
That both from that mad contrast borrow  
A perfectness found nowhere else.

The beach-bird on its pearly verge  
Follows and flies the whispering surge,  
While, in his tent, the rock-stayed shell  
Awaits the flood's star-timed vibrations,

And both, the flutter and the patience,  
The sauntering poet loves them well.

Fulfil so much of God's decree  
As works its problem out in thee,  
Nor dream that in thy breast alone  
The conscience of the changeful seasons,  
The Will that in the planets reasons  
With space-wide logic, has its throne.

Thy virtue makes not vice of mine,  
Unlike, but none the less divine ;  
Thy toil adorns, not chides, my play ;  
Nature of sameness is so chary,  
With such wild whim the freakish fairy  
Picks presents for the christening-day.

### SELF-STUDY

A PRESENCE both by night and day,  
That made my life seem just begun,  
Yet scarce a presence, rather say  
The warning aureole of one.

And yet I felt it everywhere ;  
Walked I the woodland's aisles along,  
It seemed to brush me with its hair ;  
Bathed I, I heard a mermaid's song.

How sweet it was ! A buttercup  
Could hold for me a day's delight,



A bird could lift my fancy up  
To ether free from cloud or blight.

Who was the nymph? Nay, I will see,  
Methought, and I will know her near;  
If such, divined, her charm can be,  
Seen and possessed, how triply dear!

So every magic art I tried,  
And spells as numberless as sand,  
Until, one evening, by my side  
I saw her glowing fulness stand.

I turned to clasp her, but "Farewell,"  
Parting she sighed, "we meet no more;  
Not by my hand the curtain fell  
That leaves you conscious, wise, and poor.

"Since you have found me out, I go;  
Another lover I must find,  
Content his happiness to know,  
Nor strive its secret to unwind."

## PICTURES FROM APPLEDORE

## I.

A HEAP of bare and splintery crags  
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,  
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags,  
That wait and growl for a ship to be lost;

No island, but rather the skeleton  
Of a wrecked and vengeance-smitten one,  
Where, æons ago, with half-shut eye,  
The sluggish saurian crawled to die,  
Gasping under titanic ferns ;  
Ribbs of rock that seaward jut,  
Granite shoulders and boulders and snags,  
Round which, though the winds in heaven be shut,  
The nightmared ocean murmurs and yearns,  
Welters, and swashes, and tosses, and turns,  
And the dreary black seaweed lolls and wags ;  
Only rock from shore to shore,  
Only a moan through the bleak clefts blown,  
With sobs in the rifts where the coarse kelp shifts,  
Falling and lifting, tossing and drifting,  
And under all a deep, dull roar,  
Dying and swelling, forevermore, —  
Rock and moan and roar alone,  
And the dread of some nameless thing unknown,  
These make Appledore.

These make Appledore by night :  
Then there are monsters left and right ;  
Every rock is a different monster ;  
All you have read of, fancied, dreamed,  
When you waked at night because you screamed,  
There they lie for half a mile,  
Jumbled together in a pile,  
And (though you know they never once stir)  
If you look long, they seem to be moving  
Just as plainly as plain can be,  
Crushing and crowding, wading and shoving

Out into the awful sea,  
Where you can hear them snort and spout  
With pauses between, as if they were listening,  
Then tumult anon when the surf breaks glistening  
In the blackness where they wallow about.

## II.

All this you would scarcely comprehend,  
Should you see the isle on a sunny day ;  
Then it is simple enough in its way, —  
Two rocky bulges, one at each end,  
With a smaller bulge and a hollow between ;  
Patches of whortleberry and bay ;  
Accidents of open green,  
Sprinkled with loose slabs square and gray,  
Like graveyards for ages deserted ; a few  
Unsocial thistles ; an elder or two,  
Foamed over with blossoms white as spray ;  
And on the whole island never a tree  
Save a score of sumachs, high as your knee,  
That crouch in hollows where they may,  
(The cellars where once stood a village, men say,)  
Huddling for warmth, and never grew  
Tall enough for a peep at the sea ;  
A general dazzle of open blue ;  
A breeze always blowing and playing rat-tat  
With the bow of the ribbon round your hat ;  
A score of sheep that do nothing but stare  
Up or down at you everywhere ;  
Three or four cattle that chew the cud  
Lying about in a listless despair ;  
A medrick that makes you look overhead

With short, sharp scream, as he sights his prey,  
And, dropping straight and swift as lead,  
Splits the water with sudden thud ; —  
This is Appledore by day.

A common island, you will say ;  
But stay a moment : only climb  
Up to the highest rock of the isle,  
Stand there alone for a little while,  
And with gentle approaches it grows sublime,  
Dilating slowly as you win  
A sense from the silence to take it in.  
So wide the liveness, so lucid the air,  
The granite beneath you so savagely bare,  
You well might think you were looking down  
From some sky-silenced mountain's crown,  
Whose waist-belt of pines is wont to tear  
Locks of wool from the topmost cloud.  
Only be sure you go alone,  
For Grandeur is inaccessibly proud,  
And never yet has backward thrown  
Her veil to feed the stare of a crowd ;  
To more than one was never shown  
That awful front, nor is it fit  
That she, Cothurnus-shod, stand bowed  
Until the self-approving pit  
Enjoy the gust of its own wit  
In babbling plaudits cheaply loud ;  
She hides her mountains and her sea  
From the harriers of scenery,  
Who hunt down sunsets, and huddle and bay,  
Mouthing and mumbling the dying day.

Trust me, 't is something to be cast  
Face to face with one's Self at last,  
To be taken out of the fuss and strife,  
The endless clatter of plate and knife,  
The bore of books and the bores of the street,  
From the singular mess we agree to call Life,  
Where that is best which the most fools vote is,  
And planted firm on one's own two feet  
So nigh to the great warm heart of God,  
You almost seem to feel it beat  
Down from the sunshine and up from the sod ;  
To be compelled, as it were, to notice  
All the beautiful changes and chances  
Through which the landscape flits and glances,  
And to see how the face of common day  
Is written all over with tender histories,  
When you study it that intenser way  
In which a lover looks at his mistress.

Till now you dreamed not what could be done  
With a bit of rock and a ray of sun ;  
But look, how fade the lights and shades  
Of keen bare edge and crevice deep !  
How doubtfully it fades and fades,  
And glows again, yon craggy steep,  
O'er which, through color's dreamiest grades,  
The musing sunbeams pause and creep !  
Now pink it blooms, now glimmers gray,  
Now shadows to a filmy blue,  
Tries one, tries all, and will not stay,  
But flits from opal hue to hue,  
And runs through every tenderest range

Of change that seems not to be change,  
 So rare the sweep, so nice the art,  
 That lays no stress on any part,  
 But shifts and lingers and persuades ;  
 So soft that sun-brush in the west,  
 That asks no costlier pigments' aids,  
 But mingling knobs, flaws, angles, dints,  
 Indifferent of worst or best,  
 Enchants the cliffs with wraiths and hints  
 And gracious preludings of tints,  
 Where all seems fixed, yet all evades,  
 And indefinitely pervades  
 Perpetual movement with perpetual rest !

## III.

Away northeast is Boone Island light ;  
 You might mistake it for a ship,  
 Only it stands too plumb upright,  
 And like the others does not slip  
 Behind the sea's unsteady brink ;  
 Though, if a cloud-shade chance to dip  
 Upon it a moment, 't will suddenly sink,  
 Levelled and lost in the darkened main,  
 Till the sun builds it suddenly up again,  
 As if with a rub of Aladdin's lamp.  
 On the mainland you see a misty camp  
 Of mountains pitched tumultuously :  
 That one looming so long and large  
 Is Saddleback, and that point you see  
 Over yon low and rounded marge,  
 Like the boss of a sleeping giant's targe  
 Laid over his breast, is Ossipee ;

That shadow there may be Kearsarge ;  
That must be Great Haystack ; I love these names,  
Wherewith the lonely farmer tames  
Nature to mute companionship  
With his own mind's domestic mood,  
And strives the surly world to clip  
In the arms of familiar habitude.  
'T is well he could not contrive to make  
A Saxon of Agamenticus :  
He glowers there to the north of us,  
Wrapt in his blanket of blue haze,  
Unconvertibly savage, and scorns to take  
The white man's baptism or his ways.  
Him first on shore the coaster divines  
Through the early gray, and sees him shake  
The morning mist from his scalp-lock of pines ;  
Him first the skipper makes out in the west,  
Ere the earliest sunstreak shoots tremulous,  
Plashing with orange the palpitant lines  
Of mutable billow, crest after crest,  
And murmurs *Agamenticus!*  
As if it were the name of a saint.  
But is that a mountain playing cloud,  
Or a cloud playing mountain, just there, so faint ?  
Look along over the low right shoulder  
Of Agamenticus into that crowd  
Of brassy thunderheads behind it ;  
Now you have caught it, but, ere you are older  
By half an hour, you will lose it and find it  
A score of times ; while you look 't is gone,  
And, just as you 've given it up, anon  
It is there again, till your weary eyes

Fancy they see it waver and rise,  
With its brother clouds ; it is Agiochook,  
There if you seek not, and gone if you look,  
Ninety miles off as the eagle flies.

But mountains make not all the shore  
The mainland shows to Appledore ;  
Eight miles the heaving water spreads  
To a long, low coast with beaches and heads  
That run through unimagined mazes,  
As the lights and shades and magical hazes  
Put them away or bring them near,  
Shimmering, sketched out for thirty miles  
Between two capes that waver like threads,  
And sink in the ocean, and reappear,  
Crumbled and melted to little isles,  
With filmy trees, that seem the mere  
Half-fancies of drowsy atmosphere ;  
And see the beach there, where it is  
Flat as a threshing-floor, beaten and packed  
With the flashing flails of weariless seas,  
How it lifts and looms to a precipice,  
O'er whose square front, a dream, no more,  
The steepened sand-stripes seem to pour,  
A murmurless vision of cataract ;  
You almost fancy you hear a roar,  
Fitful and faint from the distance wandering ;  
But 't is only the blind old ocean maundering,  
Raking the shingle to and fro,  
Aimlessly clutching and letting go  
The kelp-haired sedges of Appledore,  
Slipping down with a sleepy forgetting,



And anon his ponderous shoulder setting,  
With a deep, hoarse pant against Appledore.

## IV.

Eastward as far as the eye can see,  
Still eastward, eastward, endlessly,  
The sparkle and tremor of purple sea  
That rises before you, a flickering hill,  
On and on to the shut of the sky,  
And beyond, you fancy it sloping until  
The same multitudinous throb and thrill  
That vibrate under your dizzy eye  
In ripples of orange and pink are sent  
Where the poppied sails doze on the yard,  
And the clumsy junk and proa lie  
Sunk deep with precious woods and nard,  
'Mid the palmy isles of the Orient.  
Those leaning towers of clouded white  
On the farthest brink of doubtful ocean,  
That shorten and shorten out of sight,  
Yet seem on the selfsame spot to stay,  
Receding with a motionless motion,  
Fading to dubious films of gray,  
Lost, dimly found, then vanished wholly,  
Will rise again, the great world under,  
First films, then towers, then high-heaped clouds,  
Whose nearing outlines sharpen slowly  
Into tall ships with cobweb shrouds,  
That fill long Mongol eyes with wonder,  
Crushing the violet wave to spray  
Past some low headland of Cathay ; —  
What was that sigh which seemed so near,

Chilling your fancy to the core?  
 'T is only the sad old sea you hear,  
 That seems to seek forevermore  
 Something it cannot find, and so,  
 Sighing, seeks on, and tells its woe  
 To the pitiless breakers of Appledore.

## v.

How looks Appledore in a storm?  
 I have seen it when its crags seemed frantic,  
 Butting against the mad Atlantic,  
 When surge on surge would heap enorme,  
 Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,  
 That lifted and lifted, and then let go  
 A great white avalanche of thunder,  
 A grinding, blinding, deafening ire  
 Monadnock might have trembled under;  
 And the island, whose rock-roots pierce below  
 To where they are warmed with the central fire,  
 You could feel its granite fibres racked,  
 As it seemed to plunge with a shudder and thrill  
 Right at the breast of the swooping hill,  
 And to rise again snorting a cataract  
 Of rage-froth from every cranny and ledge,  
 While the sea drew its breath in hoarse and  
 deep,  
 And the next vast breaker curled its edge,  
 Gathering itself for a mightier leap.

North, east, and south there are reefs and breakers  
 You would never dream of in smooth weather,  
 That toss and gore the sea for acres,

Bellowing and gnashing and snarling together ;  
 Look northward, where Duck Island lies,  
 And over its crown you will see arise,  
 Against a background of slaty skies,  
     A row of pillars still and white,  
     That glimmer, and then are gone from sight,  
 As if the moon should suddenly kiss,  
     While you crossed the gusty desert by night,  
 The long colonnades of Persepolis ;  
 Look southward for White Island light,  
     The lantern stands ninety feet o'er the tide ;  
 There is first a half-mile of tumult and fight,  
 Of dash and roar and tumble and fright,  
     And surging bewilderment wild and wide,  
 Where the breakers struggle left and right,  
     Then a mile or more of rushing sea,  
 And then the lighthouse slim and lone ;  
 And whenever the weight of ocean is thrown  
 Full and fair on White Island head,  
     A great mist-jotun you will see  
     Lifting himself up silently  
 High and huge o'er the lighthouse top,  
 With hands of wavering spray outspread,  
     Groping after the little tower,  
     That seems to shrink and shorten and cower,  
 Till the monster's arms of a sudden drop,  
     And silently and fruitlessly  
     He sinks back into the sea.

You, meanwhile, where drenched you stand,  
     Awaken once more to the rush and roar,  
 And on the rock-point tighten your hand,

As you turn and see a valley deep,  
That was not there a moment before,  
Suck rattling down between you and a heap  
Of toppling billow, whose instant fall  
Must sink the whole island once for all,  
Or watch the silenter, stealthier seas  
Feeling their way to you more and more ;  
If they once should clutch you high as the knees,  
They would whirl you down like a sprig of kelp,  
Beyond all reach of hope or help ; —  
And such in a storm is Appledore.

## VI.

'T is the sight of a lifetime to behold  
The great shorn sun as you see it now,  
Across eight miles of undulant gold  
That widens landward, weltered and rolled,  
With freaks of shadow and crimson stains ;  
To see the solid mountain brow  
As it notches the disk, and gains and gains  
Until there comes, you scarce know when,  
A tremble of fire o'er the parted lips  
Of cloud and mountain, which vanishes ; then  
From the body of day the sun-soul slips  
And the face of earth darkens ; but now the strips  
Of western vapor, straight and thin,  
From which the horizon's swervings win  
A grace of contrast, take fire and burn  
Like splinters of touchwood, whose edges a mould  
Of ashes o'erfeathers ; northward turn  
For an instant, and let your eye grow cold  
On Agamenticus, and when once more

You look, 't is as if the land-breeze, growing,  
From the smouldering brands the film were blowing,  
And brightening them down to the very core ;  
Yet they momentarily cool and dampen and deaden,  
The crimson turns golden, the gold turns leaden,  
Hardening into one black bar  
O'er which, from the hollow heaven afar,  
Shoots a splinter of light like diamond,  
Half seen, half fancied ; by and by  
Beyond whatever is most beyond  
In the uttermost waste of desert sky,  
Grows a star ;  
And over it, visible spirit of dew, —  
Ah, stir not, speak not, hold your breath,  
Or surely the miracle vanisheth, —  
The new moon, tranced in unspeakable blue !  
No frail illusion ; this were true,  
Rather, to call it the canoe  
Hollowed out of a single pearl,  
That floats us from the Present's whirl  
Back to those beings which were ours,  
When wishes were winged things like powers !  
Call it not light, that mystery tender,  
Which broods upon the brooding ocean,  
That flush of ecstasied surrender  
To indefinable emotion,  
That glory, mellowed than a mist  
Of pearl dissolved with amethyst,  
Which rims Square Rock, like what they paint  
Of mitigated heavenly splendor  
Round the stern forehead of a Saint !

No more a vision, reddened, largened,  
The moon dips toward her mountain nest,  
And, fringing it with palest argent,  
Slow sheathes herself behind the margent  
Of that long cloud-bar in the West,  
Whose nether edge, ere long, you see  
The silvery chrim in turn anoint,  
And then the tiniest rosy point  
Touched doubtfully and timidly  
Into the dark blue's chilly strip,  
As some mute, wondering thing below,  
Awakened by the thrilling glow,  
Might, looking up, see Dian dip  
One lucent foot's delaying tip  
In Latmian fountains long ago.

Knew you what silence was before?  
Here is no startle of dreaming bird  
That sings in his sleep, or strives to sing;  
Here is no sough of branches stirred,  
Nor noise of any living thing,  
Such as one hears by night on shore;  
Only, now and then, a sigh,  
With fickle intervals between,  
Sometimes far, and sometimes nigh,  
Such as Andromeda might have heard,  
And fancied the huge sea-beast unseen  
Turning in sleep; it is the sea  
That welters and wavers uneasily  
Round the lonely reefs of Appledore.

## THE WIND-HARP

I TREASURE in secret some long, fine hair  
 Of tenderest brown, but so inwardly golden  
 I half used to fancy the sunshine there,  
 So shy, so shifting, so waywardly rare,  
 Was only caught for the moment and holden  
 While I could say *Dearest!* and kiss it, and then  
 In pity let go to the summer again.

I twisted this magic in gossamer strings  
 Over a wind-harp's Delphian hollow ;  
 Then called to the idle breeze that swings  
 All day in the pine-tops, and clings, and sings  
 'Mid the musical leaves, and said, " Oh, follow  
 The will of those tears that deepen my words,  
 And fly to my window to waken these chords."

So they trembled to life, and, doubtfully  
 Feeling their way to my sense, sang, " Say  
 whether  
 They sit all day by the greenwood tree,  
 The lover and loved, as it wont to be,  
 When we — " But grief conquered, and all to-  
 gether  
 They swelled such weird murmur as haunts a shore  
 Of some planet dispeopled, — " Nevermore !"

Then from deep in the past, as seemed to me,  
 The strings gathered sorrow and sang forsaken,  
 " One lover still waits 'neath the greenwood tree,

But 't is dark," and they shuddered, "where lieth  
she

Dark and cold! Forever must one be taken?"  
But I groaned, "O harp of all ruth bereft,  
This Scripture is sadder, — 'the other left'!"

There murmured, as if one strove to speak,  
And tears came instead; then the sad tones  
wandered  
And faltered among the uncertain chords  
In a troubled doubt between sorrow and words;  
At last with themselves they questioned and  
pondered,  
"Hereafter? — who knoweth?" and so they sighed  
Down the long steps that lead to silence and died.

## AUF WIEDERSEHEN

### SUMMER

THE little gate was reached at last,  
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;  
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,  
A wistful look she backward cast,  
And said, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white  
Lingered reluctant, and again  
Half doubting if she did aright,  
Soft as the dews that fell that night,  
She said, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"



The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair ;  
 I linger in delicious pain ;  
 Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air  
 To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,  
 Thinks she, — “ *Auf wiedersehen?* ” . . .

'T is thirteen years ; once more I press  
 The turf that silences the lane ;  
 I hear the rustle of her dress,  
 I smell the lilacs, and — ah, yes,  
 I hear “ *Auf wiedersehen!* ”

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art !  
 The English words had seemed too fain,  
 But these — they drew us heart to heart,  
 Yet held us tenderly apart ;  
 She said, “ *Auf wiedersehen!* ”

## PALINODE

## AUTUMN

STILL thirteen years : 't is autumn now  
 On field and hill, in heart and brain ;  
 The naked trees at evening sough ;  
 The leaf to the forsaken bough  
 Sighs not, — “ *Auf wiedersehen!* ”

Two watched yon oriole's pendent dome,  
 That now is void, and dank with rain,  
 And one, — oh, hope more frail than foam !  
 The bird to his deserted home  
 Sings not, — “ *Auf wiedersehen!* ”

The loath gate swings with rusty creak ;  
 Once, parting there, we played at pain ;  
 There came a parting, when the weak  
 And fading lips essayed to speak  
 Vainly, — “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,  
 Though thou in outer dark remain ;  
 One sweet sad voice ennobles death,  
 And still, for eighteen centuries saith  
 Softly, — “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”

If earth another grave must bear,  
 Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,  
 And something whispers my despair,  
 That, from an orient chamber there,  
 Floats down, “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”

## AFTER THE BURIAL

YES, faith is a goodly anchor ;  
 When skies are sweet as a psalm,  
 At the bows it lolls so stalwart,  
 In its bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward  
 The tattered surges are hurled,  
 It may keep our head to the tempest,  
 With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me  
 What help in its iron thews,

Still true to the broken hawser,  
Deep down among sea-weed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,  
When the helpless feet stretch out  
And find in the deeps of darkness  
No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of Memory,  
One broken plank of the Past,  
That our human heart may cling to,  
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,  
To the flesh its sweet despair,  
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket  
With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it,  
Who doubts it of such as she?  
But that is the pang's very secret, —  
Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard  
Would scarce stay a child in his race,  
But to me and my thought it is wider  
Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,  
Your moral most drearly true;  
But, since the earth clashed on *her* coffin,  
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it ;  
 'T is a well-meant alms of breath ;  
 But not all the preaching since Adam  
 Has made Death other than Death.

It is pagan ; but wait till you feel it, —  
 That jar of our earth, that dull shock  
 When the ploughshare of deeper passion  
 Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit ! Forgive me,  
 But I, who am earthy and weak,  
 Would give all my incomes from dreamland  
 For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,  
 So worn and wrinkled and brown,  
 With its emptiness confutes you,  
 And argues your wisdom down.

#### THE DEAD HOUSE

HERE once my step was quickened,  
 Here beckoned the opening door,  
 And welcome thrilled from the threshold  
 To the foot it had known before.

A glow came forth to meet me  
 From the flame that laughed in the grate,  
 And shadows advance on the ceiling,  
 Danced blither with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair,  
    "This corner, you know, is your seat ;"  
"Rest your slippers on me," beamed the fender,  
    "I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practised finger,"  
    Said the books, "that seems like brain ;"  
And the shy page rustled the secret  
    It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered  
    On nightingales' throats that flew  
Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz  
    To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah me, where the Past sowed heart's-ease,  
    The Present plucks rue for us men !  
I come back : that scar unhealing  
    Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered,  
    I will go and beg to look  
At the rooms that were once familiar  
    To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered ! Alas for the sameness  
    That makes the change but more !  
'T is a dead man I see in the mirrors,  
    'T is his tread that chills the floor !

To learn such a simple lesson,  
    Need I go to Paris and Rome,

That the many make the household,  
But only one the home ?

'T was just a womanly presence,  
An influence unexpressed,  
But a rose she had worn, on my gravesod  
Were more than long life with the rest !

'T was a smile, 't was a garment's rustle,  
'T was nothing that I can phrase,  
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,  
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine I would close the shutters,  
Like lids when the life is fled,  
And the funeral fire should wind it,  
This corpse of a home that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning  
When she, its soul, was borne  
To lie all dark on the hillside  
That looks over woodland and corn.

## A MOOD

I GO to the ridge in the forest  
I haunted in days gone by,  
But thou, O Memory, pourest  
No magical drop in mine eye,  
Nor the gleam of the secret restorest  
That hath faded from earth and sky :

A Presence autumnal and sober  
Invests every rock and tree,  
And the aureole of October  
Lights the maples, but darkens me.

Pine in the distance,  
Patient through sun or rain,  
Meeting with graceful persistence,  
With yielding but rooted resistance,  
The northwind's wrench and strain,  
No memory of past existence  
Brings thee pain ;  
Right for the zenith heading,  
Friendly with heat or cold,  
Thine arms to the influence spreading  
Of the heavens, just from of old,  
Thou only aspirest the more,  
Unregretful the old leaves shedding  
That fringed thee with music before,  
And deeper thy roots embedding  
In the grace and the beauty of yore ;  
Thou sigh'st not, " Alas, I am older,  
The green of last summer is sear ! "  
But loftier, hopefuller, bolder,  
Winnest broader horizons each year.

To me 't is not cheer thou art singing :  
There's a sound of the sea,  
O mournful tree,  
In thy boughs forever clinging,  
And the far-off roar  
Of waves on the shore  
A shattered vessel flinging.

As thou musest still of the ocean  
 On which thou must float at last,  
 And seem'st to foreknow  
 The shipwreck's woe  
 And the sailor wrenched from the broken mast,  
 Do I, in this vague emotion,  
 This sadness that will not pass,  
 Though the air throb with wings,  
 And the field laughs and sings,  
 Do I forebode, alas!  
 The ship-building longer and wearier,  
 The voyage's struggle and strife,  
 And then the darker and drearier  
 Wreck of a broken life ?

## THE VOYAGE TO VINLAND

### I.

#### BIÖRN'S BECKONERS

Now Biörn, the son of Heriulf, had ill days  
 Because the heart within him seethed with blood  
 That would not be allayed with any toil,  
 Whether of war or hunting or the oar,  
 But was anhungered for some joy untried :  
 For the brain grew not weary with the limbs,  
 But, while they slept, still hammered like a Troll,  
 Building all night a bridge of solid dream  
 Between him and some purpose of his soul,  
 Or will to find a purpose. With the dawn  
 The sleep-laid timbers, crumbled to soft mist,



Denied all foothold. But the dream remained,  
And every night with yellow-bearded kings  
His sleep was haunted, — mighty men of old,  
Once young as he, now ancient like the gods,  
And safe as stars in all men's memories.  
Strange sagas read he in their sea-blue eyes  
Cold as the sea, grandly compassionless ;  
Like life, they made him eager and then mocked.  
Nay, broad awake, they would not let him be ;  
They shaped themselves gigantic in the mist,  
They rose far-beckoning in the lamps of heaven,  
They whispered invitation in the winds,  
And breath came from them, mightier than the  
wind,

To strain the lagging sails of his resolve,  
Till that grew passion which before was wish,  
And youth seemed all too costly to be staked  
On the soiled cards wherewith men played their  
game,

Letting Time pocket up the larger life,  
Lost with base gain of raiment, food, and roof.  
“What helpeth lightness of the feet?” they said,  
“Oblivion runs with swifter foot than they ;  
Or strength of sinew ? New men come as strong,  
And those sleep nameless ; or renown in war ?  
Swords grave no name on the long-remembered rock  
But moss shall hide it ; they alone who wring  
Some secret purpose from the unwilling gods  
Survive in song for yet a little while  
To vex, like us, the dreams of later men,  
Ourselves a dream, and dreamlike all we did.”

## II.

## THORWALD'S LAY

So Biörn went comfortless but for his thought,  
And by his thought the more discomforted,  
Till Eric Thurlson kept his Yule-tide feast :  
And thither came he, called among the rest,  
Silent, lone-minded, a church-door to mirth :  
But, ere deep draughts forbade such serious song  
As the grave Skald might chant nor after blush,  
Then Eric looked at Thorwald where he sat  
Mute as a cloud amid the stormy hall,  
And said : " O Skald, sing now an olden song,  
Such as our fathers heard who led great lives ;  
And, as the bravest on a shield is borne  
Along the waving host that shouts him king,  
So rode their thrones upon the thronging seas ! "   
Then the old man arose ; white-haired he stood,  
White-bearded, and with eyes that looked afar  
From their still region of perpetual snow,  
Beyond the little smokes and stirs of men :  
His head was bowed with gathered flakes of years,  
As winter bends the sea-foreboding pine,  
But something triumphed in his brow and eye,  
Which whoso saw it could not see and crouch :  
Loud rang the emptied beakers as he mused,  
Brooding his eynied thoughts ; then, as an eagle  
Circles smooth-winged above the wind-vexed woods,  
So wheeled his soul into the air of song  
High o'er the stormy hall ; and thus he sang :  
" The fletcher for his arrow-shaft picks out

Wood closest-grained, long-seasoned, straight as  
light ;

And from a quiver full of such as these  
The wary bowman, matched against his peers,  
Long doubting, singles yet once more the best.  
Who is it needs such flawless shafts as Fate ?  
What archer of his arrows is so choice,  
Or hits the white so surely ? They are men,  
The chosen of her quiver ; nor for her  
Will every reed suffice, or cross-grained stick  
At random from life's vulgar fagot plucked :  
Such answer household ends ; but she will have  
Souls straight and clear, of toughest fibre, sound  
Down to the heart of heart ; from these she strips  
All needless stuff, all sapwood ; seasons them ;  
From circumstance untoward feathers plucks  
Crumpled and cheap ; and barbs with iron will :  
The hour that passes is her quiver-boy :  
When she draws bow, 't is not across the wind,  
Nor 'gainst the sun her haste-snatched arrow sings,  
For sun and wind have plighted faith to her :  
Ere men have heard the sinew twang, behold  
In the butt's heart her trembling messenger !

“ The song is old and simple that I sing ;  
But old and simple are despised as cheap,  
Though hardest to achieve of human things :  
Good were the days of yore, when men were tried  
By ring of shields, as now by ring of words ;  
But while the gods are left, and hearts of men,  
And wide-doored ocean, still the days are good.  
Still o'er the earth hastes Opportunity,

Seeking the hardy soul that seeks for her.  
 Be not abroad, nor deaf with household cares  
 That chatter loudest as they mean the least ;  
 Swift-willed is thrice-willed ; late means nevermore ;  
 Impatient is her foot, nor turns again.”  
 He ceased ; upon his bosom sank his beard  
 Sadly, as one who oft had seen her pass  
 Nor stayed her : and forthwith the frothy tide  
 Of interrupted wassail roared along.  
 But Biörn, the son of Heriulf, sat apart  
 Musing, and, with his eyes upon the fire,  
 Saw shapes of arrows, lost as soon as seen.  
 “ A ship,” he muttered, “ is a winged bridge  
 That leadeth every way to man’s desire,  
 And ocean the wide gate to manful luck.”  
 And then with that resolve his heart was bent,  
 Which, like a humming shaft, through many a  
     stripe  
 Of day and night, across the unpathwayed seas  
 Shot the brave prow that cut on Vinland sands  
 The first rune in the Saga of the West.

## III.

## GUDRIDA’S PROPHECY

Four weeks they sailed, a speck in sky-shut seas,  
 Life, where was never life that knew itself,  
 But tumbled lubber-like in blowing whales ;  
 Thought, where the like had never been before  
 Since Thought primeval brooded the abyss ;  
 Alone as men were never in the world.

They saw the icy foundlings of the sea,  
 White cliffs of silence, beautiful by day,  
 Or looming, sudden-perilous, at night  
 In monstrous hush ; or sometimes in the dark  
 The waves broke ominous with paly gleams  
 Crushed by the prow in sparkles of cold fire.  
 Then came green stripes of sea that promised land  
 But brought it not, and on the thirtieth day  
 Low in the west were wooded shores like cloud.  
 They shouted as men shout with sudden hope ;  
 But Biörn was silent, such strange loss there is  
 Between the dream's fulfilment and the dream,  
 Such sad abatement in the goal attained.  
 Then Gudrida, that was a prophetess,  
 Rapt with strange influence from Atlantis, sang :  
 Her words : the vision was the dreaming shore's.

Looms there the New Land :  
 Locked in the shadow  
 Long the gods shut it,  
 Niggards of newness  
 They, the o'er-old.

Little it looks there,  
 Slim as a cloud-streak ;  
 It shall fold peoples  
 Even as a shepherd  
 Foldeth his flock.

Silent it sleeps now ;  
 Great ships shall seek it,  
 Swarming as salmon ;

Noise of its numbers  
Two seas shall hear.

Men from the Northland,  
Men from the Southland,  
Haste empty-handed ;  
No more than manhood  
Bring they, and hands.

Dark hair and fair hair,  
Red blood and blue blood,  
There shall be mingled ;  
Force of the ferment  
Makes the New Man.

Pick of all kindreds,  
Kings' blood shall theirs be,  
Shoots of the eldest  
Stock upon Midgard,  
Sons of the poor.

Them waits the New Land ;  
They shall subdue it,  
Leaving their sons' sons  
Space for the body,  
Space for the soul.

Leaving their sons' sons  
All things save song-craft,  
Plant long in growing,  
Thrusting its tap-root  
Deep in the Gone.

Here men shall grow up  
Strong from self-helping ;  
Eyes for the present  
Bring they as eagles',  
Blind to the Past.

They shall make over  
Creed, law, and custom ;  
Driving-men, doughty  
Builders of empire,  
Builders of men.

Here is no singer ;  
What should they sing of ?  
They, the unresting ?  
Labor is ugly,  
Loathsome is change.

These the old gods hate,  
Dwellers in dream-land,  
Drinking delusion  
Out of the empty  
Skull of the Past.

These hate the old gods,  
Warring against them ;  
Fatal to Odin,  
Here the wolf Fenrir  
Lieth in wait.

Here the gods' Twilight  
Gathers, earth-gulfing ;

Blackness of battle,  
Fierce till the Old World  
Flare up in fire.

Doubt not, my Northmen ;  
Fate loves the fearless ;  
Fools, when their roof-tree  
Falls, think it doomsday ;  
Firm stands the sky.

Over the ruin  
See I the promise ;  
Crisp waves the cornfield,  
Peace-walled, the homestead  
Waits open-doored.

There lies the New Land ;  
Yours to behold it,  
Not to possess it ;  
Slowly Fate's perfect  
Fulness shall come.

Then from your strong loins  
Seed shall be scattered,  
Men to the marrow,  
Wilderness tamers,  
Walkers of waves.

Jealous, the old gods  
Shut it in shadow,  
Wisely they ward it,  
Egg of the serpent,  
Bane to them all.



Stronger and sweeter  
New gods shall seek it,  
Fill it with man-folk  
Wise for the future,  
Wise from the past.

Here all is all men's,  
Save only Wisdom ;  
King he that wins her ;  
Him hail they helmsman,  
Highest of heart.

Might makes no master  
Here any longer ;  
Sword is not swayer ;  
Here e'en the gods are  
Selfish no more.

Walking the New Earth,  
Lo, a divine One  
Greeted all men godlike,  
Calls them his kindred,  
He, the Divine.

Is it Thor's hammer  
Rays in his right hand ?  
Weaponless walks he ;  
It is the White Christ,  
Stronger than Thor.

Here shall a realm rise  
Mighty in manhood ;

Justice and Mercy  
Here set a stronghold  
Safe without spear.

Weak was the Old World,  
Wearily war-fenced;  
Out of its ashes,  
Strong as the morning,  
Springeth the New.

Beauty of promise,  
Promise of beauty,  
Safe in the silence  
Sleep thou, till cometh  
Light to thy lids!

Thee shall awaken  
Flame from the furnace,  
Bath of all brave ones,  
Cleanser of conscience,  
Welder of will.

Lowly shall love thee,  
Thee, open-handed!  
Stalwart shall shield thee,  
Thee, worth their best blood,  
Waif of the West!

Then shall come singers,  
Singing no swan-song,  
Birth-carols, rather,  
Meet for the man child  
Mighty of bone.

MAHMOOD THE IMAGE-BREAKER

OLD events have modern meanings ; only that sur-  
vives  
Of past history which finds kindred in all hearts  
and lives.

Mahmood once, the idol-breaker, spreader of the  
Faith,  
Was at Sunnat tempted sorely, as the legend saith.

In the great pagoda's centre, monstrous and ab-  
horred,  
Granite on a throne of granite, sat the temple's  
lord.

Mahmood paused a moment, silenced by the silent  
face  
That, with eyes of stone unwavering, awed the an-  
cient place.

Then the Brahmins knelt before him, by his doubt  
made bold,  
Pledging for their idol's ransom countless gems and  
gold.

Gold was yellow dirt to Mahmood, but of precious  
use,  
Since from it the roots of power suck a potent  
juice.

“Were you stone alone in question, this would  
please me well,”

Mahmood said; “but, with the block there, I my  
truth must sell.

“Wealth and rule slip down with Fortune, as her  
wheel turns round;

He who keeps his faith, he only cannot be dis-  
crowned.

“Little were a change of station, loss of life or  
crown,

But the wreck were past retrieving if the Man fell  
down.”

So his iron mace he lifted, smote with might and  
main,

And the idol, on the pavement tumbling, burst in  
twain.

Luck obeys the downright striker; from the hollow  
core,

Fifty times the Brahmins' offer deluged all the  
floor.

#### INVITA MINERVA

THE Bardling came where by a river grew  
The pennoned reeds, that, as the west-wind blew,  
Gleamed and sighed plaintively, as if they knew  
What music slept enchanted in each stem,

Till Pan should choose some happy one of them,  
And with wise lips enliven it through and through.

The Bardling thought, "A pipe is all I need;  
Once I have sought me out a clear, smooth reed,  
And shaped it to my fancy, I proceed  
To breathe such strains as, yonder mid the rocks,  
The strange youth blows, that tends Admetus'  
flocks,  
And all the maidens shall to me pay heed."

The summer day he spent in questful round,  
And many a reed he marred, but never found  
A conjuring-spell to free the imprisoned sound;  
At last his vainly wearied limbs he laid  
Beneath a sacred laurel's flickering shade,  
And sleep about his brain her cobweb wound.

Then strode the mighty Mother through his dreams,  
Saying: "The reeds along a thousand streams  
Are mine, and who is he that plots and schemes  
To snare the melodies wherewith my breath  
Sounds through the double pipes of Life and  
Death,  
Atoning what to men mad discord seems?"

"He seeks not me, but I seek oft in vain  
For him who shall my voiceful reeds constrain,  
And make them utter their melodious pain;  
He flies the immortal gift, for well he knows  
His life of life must with its overflows  
Flood the unthankful pipe, nor come again.

“Thou fool, who dost my harmless subjects wrong,  
'T is not the singer's wish that makes the song :  
The rhythmic beauty wanders dumb, how long,  
Nor stoops to any daintiest instrument,  
Till, found its mated lips, their sweet consent  
Makes mortal breath than Time and Fate more  
strong.”

## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

## I.

'T is a woodland enchanted !  
By no sadder spirit  
Than blackbirds and thrushes,  
That whistle to cheer it  
All day in the bushes,  
This woodland is haunted :  
And in a small clearing,  
Beyond sight or hearing  
Of human annoyance,  
The little fount gushes,  
First smoothly, then dashes  
And gurgles and flashes,  
To the maples and ashes  
Confiding its joyance ;  
Unconscious confiding,  
Then, silent and glossy,  
Slips winding and hiding  
Through alder-stems mossy,  
Through gossamer roots  
Fine as nerves,

That tremble, as shoots  
Through their magnetized curves  
The allurements delicious  
Of the water's capricious  
Thrills, gushes, and swerves.

## II.

'T is a woodland enchanted !  
I am writing no fiction ;  
And this fount, its sole daughter,  
To the woodland was granted  
To pour holy water  
And win benediction ;  
In summer-noon flushes,  
When all the wood hushes,  
Blue dragon-flies knitting  
To and fro in the sun,  
With sidelong jerk flitting  
Sink down on the rushes,  
And, motionless sitting,  
Hear it bubble and run,  
Hear its low inward singing,  
With level wings swinging  
On green tasselled rushes,  
To dream in the sun.

## III.

'T is a woodland enchanted !  
The great August noonlight,  
Through myriad rifts slanted,  
Leaf and bole thickly sprinkles  
With flickering gold ;

There, in warm August gloaming,  
 With quick, silent brightenings,  
 From meadow-lands roaming,  
 The firefly twinkles  
 His fitful heat-lightnings ;  
 There the magical moonlight  
 With meek, saintly glory  
 Steeps summit and wold ;  
 There whippoorwills plain in the solitudes hoary  
 With lone cries that wander  
 Now hither, now yonder,  
 Like souls doomed of old  
 To a mild purgatory ;  
 But through noonlight and moonlight  
 The little fount tinkles  
 Its silver saints'-bells,  
 That no sprite ill-boding  
 May make his abode in  
 Those innocent dells.

## IV.

'T is a woodland enchanted !  
 When the phebe scarce whistles  
 Once an hour to his fellow,  
 And, where red lilies flaunted,  
 Balloons from the thistles  
 Tell summer's disasters,  
 The butterflies yellow,  
 As caught in an eddy  
 Of air's silent ocean,  
 Sink, waver, and steady  
 O'er goats'-beard and asters,



Like souls of dead flowers,  
With aimless emotion  
Still lingering unready  
To leave their old bowers ;  
And the fount is no dumber,  
But still gleams and flashes,  
And gurgles and splashes,  
To the measure of summer ;  
The butterflies hear it,  
And spell-bound are holden,  
Still balancing near it  
O'er the goats'-beard so golden.

## v.

'T is a woodland enchanted !  
A vast silver willow,  
I know not how planted,  
(This wood is enchanted,  
And full of surprises,)  
Stands stemming a billow,  
A motionless billow  
Of ankle-deep mosses ;  
Two great roots it crosses  
To make a round basin,  
And there the Fount rises ;  
Ah, too pure a mirror  
For one sick of error  
To see his sad face in !  
No dew-drop is stiller  
In its lupin-leaf setting  
Than this water moss-bounded ;  
But a tiny sand-pillar

From the bottom keeps jetting,  
And mermaid ne'er sounded  
Through the wreaths of a shell,  
Down amid crimson dulses  
In some cavern of ocean,  
A melody sweeter  
Than the delicate pulses,  
The soft, noiseless metre,  
The pause and the swell  
Of that musical motion :  
I recall it, not see it ;  
Could vision be clearer ?  
Half I'm fain to draw nearer  
Half tempted to flee it ;  
The sleeping Past wake not,  
Beware !  
One forward step take not,  
Ah ! break not  
That quietude rare !  
By my step unaffrighted  
A thrush hops before it,  
And o'er it  
A birch hangs delighted,  
Dipping, dipping, dipping its tremulous hair ;  
Pure as the fountain, once  
I came to the place,  
(How dare I draw nearer ?)  
I bent o'er its mirror,  
And saw a child's face  
Mid locks of bright gold in it ;  
Yes, pure as this fountain once, —  
Since, how much error !

Too holy a mirror  
For the man to behold in it  
His harsh, bearded countenance !

## VI.

'T is a woodland enchanted !  
Ah, fly unreturning !  
Yet stay ; —  
'T is a woodland enchanted,  
Where wonderful chances  
Have sway ;  
Luck flees from the cold one  
But leaps to the bold one  
Half-way ;  
Why should I be daunted ?  
Still the smooth mirror glances,  
Still the amber sand dances,  
One look, — then away !  
O magical glass !  
Canst keep in thy bosom  
Shades of leaf and of blossom  
When summer days pass,  
So that when thy wave hardens  
It shapes as it pleases,  
Unharmed by the breezes,  
Its fine hanging gardens ?  
Hast those in thy keeping,  
And canst not uncover,  
Enchantedly sleeping,  
The old shade of thy lover ?  
It is there ! I have found it !  
He wakes, the long sleeper !

The pool is grown deeper,  
The sand dance is ending,  
The white floor sinks, blending  
With skies that below me  
Are deepening and bending,  
And a child's face alone  
That seems not to know me,  
With hair that fades golden  
In the heaven-glow round it,  
Looks up at my own ;  
Ah, glimpse through the portal  
That leads to the throne,  
That opes the child's olden  
Regions Elysian !  
Ah, too holy vision  
For thy skirts to be holden  
By soiled hand of mortal !  
It wavers, it scatters,  
'T is gone past recalling !  
A tear's sudden falling  
The magic cup shatters,  
Breaks the spell of the waters,  
And the sand cone once more,  
With a ceaseless renewing,  
Its dance is pursuing  
On the silvery floor,  
O'er and o'er,  
With a noiseless and ceaseless renewing.

## VII.

'T is a woodland enchanted !  
If you ask me, *Where is it ?*

I can but make answer,  
“ 'T is past my disclosing ; ”  
Not to choice is it granted  
By sure paths to visit  
The still pool enclosing  
Its blithe little dancer ;  
But in some day, the rarest  
Of many Septembers,  
When the pulses of air rest,  
And all things lie dreaming  
In drowsy haze steaming  
From the wood's glowing embers,  
Then, sometimes, unheeding,  
And asking not whither,  
By a sweet inward leading  
My feet are drawn thither,  
And, looking with awe in the magical mirror,  
I see through my tears,  
Half doubtful of seeing,  
The face unpverted,  
The warm golden being  
Of a child of five years ;  
And spite of the mists and the error,  
And the days overcast,  
Can feel that I walk undeserted,  
But forever attended  
By the glad heavens that bended  
O'er the innocent past ;  
Toward fancy or truth  
Doth the sweet vision win me ?  
Dare I think that I cast  
In the fountain of youth

The fleeting reflection  
Of some bygone perfection  
That still lingers in me?

## YUSSOUF

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,  
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,  
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,  
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;  
I come to thee for shelter and for food,  
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The  
Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more  
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;  
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store  
As I of His who buildeth over these  
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,  
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,  
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;  
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;  
Depart before the prying day grow bold."  
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,  
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,  
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,  
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,

Sobbing : " O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;  
 I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done  
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son ! "

" Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, " for with  
 thee

Into the desert, never to return,  
 My one black thought shall ride away from me ;  
 First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,  
 Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;  
 Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace ! "

## THE DARKENED MIND

THE fire is burning clear and blithely,  
 Pleasantly whistles the winter wind ;  
 We are about thee, thy friends and kindred,  
 On us all flickers the firelight kind ;  
 There thou sittest in thy wonted corner  
 Lone and awful in thy darkened mind.

There thou sittest ; now and then thou moanest ;  
 Thou dost talk with what we cannot see,  
 Lookest at us with an eye so doubtful,  
 It doth put us very far from thee ;  
 There thou sittest ; we would fain be nigh thee,  
 But we know that it can never be.

We can touch thee, still we are no nearer ;  
 Gather round thee, still thou art alone ;  
 The wide chasm of reason is between us ;

Thou confutest kindness with a moan ;  
We can speak to thee, and thou canst answer,  
Like two prisoners through a wall of stone.

Hardest heart would call it very awful  
When thou look'st at us and seest — oh, what ?  
If we move away, thou sittest gazing  
With those vague eyes at the selfsame spot,  
And thou mutterest, thy hands thou wringest,  
Seeing something, — us thou seest not.

Strange it is that, in this open brightness,  
Thou shouldst sit in such a narrow cell ;  
Strange it is that thou shouldst be so lonesome  
Where those are who love thee all so well ;  
Not so much of thee is left among us  
As the hum outliving the hushed bell.

#### WHAT RABBI JEHOSSA SAID

RABBI JEHOSSA used to say  
That God made angels every day,  
Perfect as Michael and the rest  
First brooded in creation's nest,  
Whose only office was to cry  
*Hosanna!* once, and then to die ;  
Or rather, with Life's essence blent,  
To be led home from banishment.

Rabbi Jehosha had the skill  
To know that Heaven is in God's will :



And doing that, though for a space  
 One heart-beat long, may win a grace  
 As full of grandeur and of glow  
 As Princes of the Chariot know.

'T were glorious, no doubt, to be  
 One of the strong-winged Hierarchy,  
 To burn with Seraphs, or to shine  
 With Cherubs, deathlessly divine ;  
 Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,  
 Could I forget myself in God,  
 Could I but find my nature's clue  
 Simply as birds and blossoms do,  
 And but for one rapt moment know  
 'T is Heaven must come, not we must go,  
 Should win my place as near the throne  
 As the pearl-angel of its zone,  
 And God would listen mid the throng  
 For my one breath of perfect song,  
 That, in its simple human way,  
 Said all the Host of Heaven could say.

## ALL-SAINTS

ONE feast, of holy days the crest,  
 I, though no Churchman, love to keep,  
 All-Saints, — the unknown good that rest  
 In God's still memory folded deep ;  
 The bravely dumb that did their deed,  
 And scorned to blot it with a name,

Men of the plain heroic breed,  
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,  
But thread to-day the unheeding street,  
And stairs to Sin and Famine known  
Sing with the welcome of their feet ;  
The den they enter grows a shrine,  
The grimy sash an oriel burns,  
Their cup of water warms like wine,  
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears  
An aureole traced in tenderest light,  
The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears  
In dying eyes, by them made bright,  
Of souls that shivered on the edge  
Of that chill ford repassed no more,  
And in their mercy felt the pledge  
And sweetness of the farther shore.

## A WINTER-EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE

### I.

BEAUTY on my hearth-stone blazing !  
To-night the triple Zoroaster  
Shall my prophet be and master :  
To-night will I pure Magian be,  
Hymns to thy sole honor raising,

While thou leapest fast and faster,  
 Wild with self-delighted glee,  
 Or sink'st low and glowest faintly  
 As an aureole still and saintly,  
 Keeping cadence to my praising  
 Thee ! still thee ! and only thee !

## II.

Elfish daughter of Apollo !  
 Thee, from thy father stolen and bound  
 To serve in Vulcan's clangorous smithy,  
 Prometheus (primal Yankee) found,  
 And, when he had tampered with thee,  
 (Too confiding little maid !)  
 In a reed's precarious hollow  
 To our frozen earth conveyed :  
 For he swore I know not what ;  
 Endless ease should be thy lot,  
 Pleasure that should never falter,  
 Lifelong play, and not a duty  
 Save to hover o'er the altar,  
 Vision of celestial beauty,  
 Fed with precious woods and spices ;  
 Then, perfidious ! having got  
 Thee in the net of his devices,  
 Sold thee into endless slavery,  
 Made thee a drudge to boil the pot,  
 Thee, Helios' daughter, who dost bear  
 His likeness in thy golden hair ;  
 Thee, by nature wild and wavery,  
 Palpitating, evanescent

As the shade of Dian's crescent,  
Life, motion, gladness, everywhere!

## III.

Fathom deep men bury thee  
In the furnace dark and still,  
There, with dreariest mockery,  
Making thee eat, against thy will,  
Blackest Pennsylvanian stone ;  
But thou dost avenge thy doom,  
For, from out thy catacomb,  
Day and night thy wrath is blown  
In a withering simoom,  
And, adown that cavern drear,  
Thy black pitfall in the floor,  
Staggers the lusty antique cheer,  
Despairing, and is seen no more!

## IV.

Elfish I may rightly name thee ;  
We enslave, but cannot tame thee ;  
With fierce snatches, now and then,  
Thou pluckest at thy right again,  
And thy down-trod instincts savage  
To stealthy insurrection creep  
While thy wittol masters sleep,  
And burst in undiscerning ravage :  
Then how thou shak'st thy bacchant locks !  
While brazen pulses, far and near,  
Throb thick and thicker, wild with fear  
And dread conjecture, till the drear  
Disordered clangor every steeple rocks !

V.

But when we make a friend of thee,  
And admit thee to the hall  
On our nights of festival,  
Then, Cinderella, who could see  
In thee the kitchen's stunted thrall?  
Once more a Princess lithe and tall,  
Thou dancest with a whispering tread,  
While the bright marvel of thy head  
In crinkling gold floats all abroad,  
And gloriously dost vindicate  
The legend of thy lineage great,  
Earth-exiled daughter of the Pythian god!  
Now in the ample chimney-place,  
To honor thy acknowledged race,  
We crown thee high with laurel good,  
Thy shining father's sacred wood,  
Which, guessing thy ancestral right,  
Sparkles and snaps its dumb delight,  
And, at thy touch, poor outcast one,  
Feels through its gladdened fibres go  
The tingle and thrill and vassal glow  
Of instincts loyal to the sun.

VI.

O thou of home the guardian Lar,  
And, when our earth hath wandered far  
Into the cold, and deep snow covers  
The walks of our New England lovers,  
Their sweet secluded evening-star!  
'T was with thy rays the English Muse  
Ripened her mild domestic hues ;

'T was by thy flicker that she conned  
The fireside wisdom that enrings  
With light from heaven familiar things ;  
By thee she found the homely faith  
In whose mild eyes thy comfort stay'th,  
When Death, extinguishing his torch,  
Gropes for the latch-string in the porch ;  
The love that wanders not beyond  
His earliest nest, but sits and sings  
While children smooth his patient wings ;  
Therefore with thee I love to read  
Our brave old poets : at thy touch how stirs  
Life in the withered words ! how swift recede  
Time's shadows ! and how glows again  
Through its dead mass the incandescent verse,  
As when upon the anvils of the brain  
It glittering lay, cyclopically wrought  
By the fast-throbbing hammers of the poet's  
thought !

Thou murmurest, too, divinely stirred,  
The aspirations unattained,  
The rhythms so rathe and delicate,  
They bent and strained  
And broke, beneath the sombre weight  
Of any airiest mortal word.

## VII.

What warm protection dost thou bend  
Round curtained talk of friend with friend,  
While the gray snow-storm, held aloof,  
To softest outline rounds the roof,

Or the rude North with baffled strain  
Shoulders the frost-starred window-pane !  
Now the kind nymph to Bacchus born  
By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems  
Gifted upon her natal morn  
By him with fire, by her with dreams,  
Nicotia, dearer to the Muse  
Than all the grape's bewildering juice,  
We worship, unforbid of thee ;  
And, as her incense floats and curls  
In airy spires and wayward whirls,  
Or poises on its tremulous stalk  
A flower of frailest revery,  
So winds and loiters, idly free,  
The current of unguided talk,  
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught  
In smooth, dark pools of deeper thought.  
Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,  
A sweetly unobtrusive third ;  
For thou hast magic beyond wine,  
To unlock natures each to each ;  
The unspoken thought thou canst divine ;  
Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech  
With whispers that to dream-land reach  
And frozen fancy-springs unchain  
In Arctic outskirts of the brain ;  
Sun of all inmost confidences,  
To thy rays doth the heart uncloze  
Its formal calyx of pretences,  
That close against rude day's offences,  
And open its shy midnight rose !

## VIII.

Thou holdest not the master key  
 With which thy Sire sets free the mystic gates  
 Of Past and Future: not for common fates  
 Do they wide open fling,  
 And, with a far-heard ring,  
 Swing back their willing valves melodiously;  
 Only to ceremonial days,  
 And great processions of imperial song  
 That set the world at gaze,  
 Doth such high privilege belong:  
 But thou a postern-door canst ope  
 To humbler chambers of the selfsame palace  
 Where Memory lodges, and her sister Hope,  
 Whose being is but as a crystal chalice  
 Which, with her various mood, the elder fills  
 Of joy or sorrow,  
 So coloring as she wills  
 With hues of yesterday the unconscious morrow.

## IX.

Thou sinkest, and my fancy sinks with thee:  
 For thee I took the idle shell,  
 And struck the unused chords again,  
 But they are gone who listened well;  
 Some are in heaven, and all are far from me:  
 Even as I sing, it turns to pain,  
 And with vain tears my eyelids throb and swell:  
 Enough; I come not of the race  
 That hawk their sorrows in the market-place.  
 Earth stops the ears I best had loved to please;  
 Then break, ye untuned chords, or rust in peace!



As if a white-haired actor should come back  
Some midnight to the theatre void and black,  
And there rehearse his youth's great part  
Mid thin applauses of the ghosts,  
So seems it now: ye crowd upon my heart,  
And I bow down in silence, shadowy hosts!

## FANCY'S CASUISTRY

How struggles with the tempest's swells  
That warning of tumultuous bells!  
The fire is loose! and frantic knells  
    Throb fast and faster,  
As tower to tower confusedly tells  
    News of disaster.

But on my far-off solitude  
No harsh alarums can intrude;  
The terror comes to me subdued  
    And charmed by distance,  
To deepen the habitual mood  
    Of my existence.

Are those, I muse, the Easter chimes?  
And listen, weaving careless rhymes  
While the loud city's griefs and crimes  
    Pay gentle allegiance  
To the fine quiet that sublimes  
    These dreamy regions.

And when the storm o'erwhelms the shore,  
I watch entranced as, o'er and o'er,

The light revolves amid the roar  
 So still and saintly,  
 Now large and near, now more and more  
 Withdrawing faintly.

This, too, despairing sailors see  
 Flash out the breakers 'neath their lee  
 In sudden snow, then lingeringly  
     Wane tow'rd eclipse,  
 While through the dark the shuddering sea  
     Gropes for the ships.

And is it right, this mood of mind  
 That thus, in revery enshrined,  
 Can in the world mere topics find  
     For musing stricture,  
 Seeing the life of humankind  
     Only as picture ?

The events in line of battle go ;  
 In vain for me their trumpets blow  
 As unto him that lieth low  
     In death's dark arches,  
 And through the sod hears throbbing slow  
     The muffled marches.

O Duty, am I dead to thee  
 In this my cloistered ecstasy,  
 In this lone shallop on the sea  
     That drifts tow'rd Silence ?  
 And are those visioned shores I see  
     But sirens' islands ?

My Dante frowns with lip-locked mien,  
As who would say, "'T is those, I ween,  
Whom lifelong armor-chafe makes lean  
That win the laurel ;"  
But where *is* Truth ? What does it mean,  
The world-old quarrel ?

Such questionings are idle air :  
Leave what to do and what to spare  
To the inspiring moment's care,  
Nor ask for payment  
Of fame or gold, but just to wear  
Unspotted raiment.

## TO MR. JOHN BARTLETT

\* WHO HAD SENT ME A SEVEN-POUND TROUT

FIT for an Abbot of Theleme,  
For the whole Cardinals' College, or  
The Pope himself to see in dream  
Before his lenten vision gleam,  
He lies there, the sogdologer !

His precious flanks with stars besprent,  
Worthy to swim in Castaly !  
The friend by whom such gifts are sent,  
For him shall bumpers full be spent,  
His health ! be Luck his fast ally !

I see him trace the wayward brook  
 Amid the forest mysteries,  
 Where at their shades shy aspens look,  
 Or where, with many a gurgling crook,  
 It croons its woodland histories.

I see leaf-shade and sun-fleck lend  
 Their tremulous, sweet vicissitude  
 To smooth, dark pool, to crinkling bend, —  
 (Oh, stew him, Ann, as 't were your friend,  
 With amorous solicitude !)

I see him step with caution due,  
 Soft as if shod with moccasins,  
 Grave as in church, for who plies you,  
 Sweet craft, is safe as in a pew  
 From all our common stock o' sins.

The unerring fly I see him cast,  
 That as a rose-leaf falls as soft,  
 A flash! a whirl! he has him fast!  
 We tyros, how that struggle last  
 Confuses and appalls us oft.

Unflattered he : calm as the sky  
 Looks on our tragi-comedies,  
 This way and that he lets him fly,  
 A sunbeam-shuttle, then to die  
 Lands him, with cool *aplomb*, at ease.

The friend who gave our board such gust,  
 Life's care may he o'erstep it half,

And, when Death hooks him, as he must,  
He'll do it handsomely, I trust,  
And John H—— write his epitaph!

Oh, born beneath the Fishes' sign,  
Of constellations happiest,  
May he somewhere with Walton dine,  
May Horace send him Massic wine,  
And Burns Scotch drink, the nappiest!

And when they come his deeds to weigh,  
And how he used the talents his,  
One trout-scale in the scales he'll lay  
(If trout had scales), and 't will outsway  
The wrong side of the balances.

## ODE TO HAPPINESS

SPIRIT, that rarely comest now  
And only to contrast my gloom,  
Like rainbow-feathered birds that bloom  
A moment on some autumn bough  
That, with the spurn of their farewell,  
Sheds its last leaves, — thou once didst dwell  
With me year-long, and make intense  
To boyhood's wisely vacant days  
Their fleet but all-sufficing grace  
Of trustful inexperience,  
While soul could still transfigure sense,  
And thrill, as with love's first caress,

At life's mere unexpectedness.

Days when my blood would leap and run  
 As full of sunshine as a breeze,  
 Or spray tossed up by Summer seas  
 That doubts if it be sea or sun !

Days that flew swiftly like the band  
 That played in Grecian games at strife,  
 And passed from eager hand to hand  
 The onward-dancing torch of life !

Wing-footed ! thou abid'st with him  
 Who asks it not ; but he who hath  
 Watched o'er the waves thy waning path,  
 Shall nevermore behold returning  
 Thy high-heaped canvas shoreward yearning !  
 Thou first reveal'st to us thy face  
 Turned o'er the shoulder's parting grace,  
 A moment glimpsed, then seen no more, —  
 Thou whose swift footsteps we can trace  
 Away from every mortal door.

Nymph of the unreturning feet,  
 How may I win thee back ? But no,  
 I do thee wrong to call thee so ;  
 'T is I am changed, not thou art fleet :  
 The man thy presence feels again,  
 Not in the blood, but in the brain,  
 Spirit, that lov'st the upper air  
 Serene and passionless and rare,  
 Such as on mountain heights we find  
 And wide-viewed uplands of the mind ;  
 Or such as scorns to coil and sing

Round any but the eagle's wing  
Of souls that with long upward beat  
Have won an undisturbed retreat  
Where, poised like winged victories,  
They mirror in relentless eyes  
The life broad-basking 'neath their feet, —  
Man ever with his Now at strife,  
Pained with first gasps of earthly air,  
Then praying Death the last to spare,  
Still fearful of the ampler life.

Not unto them dost thou consent  
Who, passionless, can lead at ease  
A life of unalloyed content  
A life like that of land-locked seas,  
Who feel no elemental gush  
Of tidal forces, no fierce rush  
Of storm deep-grasping scarcely spent  
'Twixt continent and continent.  
Such quiet souls have never known  
Thy truer inspiration, thou  
Who lov'st to feel upon thy brow  
Spray from the plunging vessel thrown  
Grazing the tusked lee shore, the cliff  
That o'er the abrupt gorge holds its breath,  
Where the frail hair-breadth of an *if*  
Is all that sunders life and death :  
These, too, are cared for, and round these  
Bends her mild crook thy sister Peace ;  
These in unvexed dependence lie,  
Each 'neath his strip of household sky ;  
O'er these clouds wander, and the blue

Hangs motionless the whole day through ;  
 Stars rise for them, and moons grow large  
 And lessen in such tranquil wise  
 As joys and sorrows do that rise  
 Within their nature's sheltered marge ;  
 Their hours into each other flit  
 Like the leaf-shadows of the vine  
 And fig-tree under which they sit,  
 And their still lives to heaven incline  
 With an unconscious habitude,  
 Unhistoried as smokes that rise  
 From happy hearths and sight elude  
 In kindred blue of morning skies.

Wayward ! when once we feel thy lack,  
 'T is worse than vain to woo thee back !  
 Yet there is one who seems to be  
 Thine elder sister, in whose eyes  
 A faint far northern light will rise  
 Sometimes, and bring a dream of thee ;  
 She is not that for which youth hoped,  
 But she hath blessings all her own,  
 Thoughts pure as lilies newly oped,  
 And faith to sorrow given alone :  
 Almost I deem that it is thou  
 Come back with graver matron brow,  
 With deepened eyes and bated breath,  
 Like one that somewhere hath met Death :  
 But " No," she answers, " I am she  
 Whom the gods love, Tranquillity ;  
 That other whom you seek forlorn  
 Half earthly was ; but I am born



Of the immortals, and our race  
Wears still some sadness on its face :  
    He wins me late, but keeps me long,  
Who, dowered with every gift of passion,  
In that fierce flame can forge and fashion  
    Of sin and self the anchor strong ;  
Can thence compel the driving force  
Of daily life's mechanic course,  
Nor less the nobler energies  
Of needful toil and culture wise ;  
Whose soul is worth the tempter's lure  
Who can renounce, and yet endure,  
To him I come, not lightly wooed,  
But won by silent fortitude."

## VILLA FRANCA

1859

WAIT a little : do *we* not wait ?  
Louis Napoleon is not Fate,  
Francis Joseph is not Time ;  
There's One hath swifter feet than Crime ;  
Cannon-parliaments settle naught ;  
Venice is Austria's, — whose is Thought ?  
Minié is good, but, spite of change,  
Gutenberg's gun has the longest range.  
    Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !  
    Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !  
    In the shadow, year out, year in,  
    The silent headsman waits forever.

Wait, we say : our years are long ;  
 Men are weak, but Man is strong ;  
 Since the stars first curved their rings,  
 We have looked on many things ;  
 Great wars come and great wars go,  
 Wolf-tracks light on polar snow ;  
 We shall see him come and gone,  
 This second-hand Napoleon.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !  
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !  
 In the shadow, year out, year in,  
 The silent headsman waits forever.

We saw the elder Corsican,  
 And Clotho muttered as she span,  
 While crowned lackeys bore the train,  
 Of the pinchbeck Charlemagne :  
 " Sister, stint not length of thread !  
 Sister, stay the scissors dread !  
 On Saint Helen's granite bleak,  
 Hark, the vulture whets his beak !"  
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !  
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !  
 In the shadow, year out, year in,  
 The silent headsman waits forever.

The Bonapartes, we know their bees  
 That wade in honey red to the knees ;  
 Their patent reaper, its sheaves sleep sound  
 In dreamless garner's underground :  
 We know false glory's spendthrift race  
 Pawning nations for feathers and lace ;

It may be short, it may be long,  
 " 'T is reckoning-day ! " sneers unpaid Wrong.  
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !  
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !  
 In the shadow, year out, year in,  
 The silent headsman waits forever.

The Cock that wears the Eagle's skin  
 Can promise what he ne'er could win ;  
 Slavery reaped for fine words sown,  
 System for all, and rights for none,  
 Despots atop, a wild clan below,  
 Such is the Gaul from long ago ;  
 Wash the black from the Ethiop's face,  
 Wash the past out of man or race !  
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !  
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !  
 In the shadow, year out, year in,  
 The silent headsman waits forever.

'Neath Gregory's throne a spider swings,  
 And snares the people for the kings ;  
 " Luther is dead ; old quarrels pass ;  
 The stake's black scars are healed with grass ; "  
 So dreamers prate ; did man ere live  
 Saw priest or woman yet forgive ?  
 But Luther's broom is left, and eyes  
 Peep o'er their creeds to where it lies.  
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !  
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !  
 In the shadow, year out, year in,  
 The silent headsman waits forever.

Smooth sails the ship of either realm,  
 Kaiser and Jesuit at the helm ;  
 We look down the depths, and mark  
 Silent workers in the dark  
 Building slow the sharp-tusked reefs,  
 Old instincts hardening to new beliefs ;  
 Patience a little ; learn to wait ;  
 Hours are long on the clock of Fate.  
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !  
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !  
 Darkness is strong, and so is Sin,  
 But surely God endures forever !

## THE MINER

Down 'mid the tangled roots of things  
 That coil about the central fire,  
 I seek for that which giveth wings  
 To stoop, not soar, to my desire.

Sometimes I hear, as 't were a sigh,  
 The sea's deep yearning far above,  
 "Thou hast the secret not," I cry,  
 "In deeper deeps is hid my Love."

They think I burrow from the sun,  
 In darkness, all alone, and weak ;  
 Such loss were gain if He were won,  
 For 't is the sun's own Sun I seek.

“The earth,” they murmur, “is the tomb  
That vainly sought his life to prison ;  
Why grovel longer in the gloom ?  
He is not here ; he hath arisen.”

More life for me where he hath lain  
Hidden while ye believed him dead,  
Than in cathedrals cold and vain,  
Built on loose sands of *It is said*.

My search is for the living gold ;  
Him I desire who dwells recluse,  
And not his image worn and old,  
Day-servant of our sordid use.

If him I find not, yet I find  
The ancient joy of cell and church,  
The glimpse, the surety undefined,  
The unquenched ardor of the search.

Happier to chase a flying goal  
Than to sit counting laurelled gains,  
To guess the Soul within the soul  
Than to be lord of what remains.

Hide still, best Good, in subtile wise,  
Beyond my nature's utmost scope ;  
Be ever absent from mine eyes  
To be twice present in my hope !

**GOLD EGG: A DREAM-FANTASY**

HOW A STUDENT IN SEARCH OF THE BEAUTIFUL FELL  
ASLEEP IN DRESDEN OVER HERR PROFESSOR DOCTOR  
VISCHER'S WISSENSCHAFT DES SCHÖNEN, AND WHAT  
CAME THEREOF

I SWAM with undulation soft,  
    Adrift on Vischer's ocean,  
And, from my cockboat up aloft,  
Sent down my mental plummet oft  
    In hope to reach a notion.

But from the metaphysic sea  
    No bottom was forthcoming,  
And all the while (how drearily !)  
In one eternal note of B  
    My German stove kept humming.

“ What 's Beauty ? ” mused I ; “ is it told  
    By synthesis ? analysis ?  
Have you not made us lead of gold ?  
To feed your crucible, not sold  
    Our temple's sacred chalices ? ”

Then o'er my senses came a change ;  
    My book seemed all traditions,  
Old legends of profoundest range,  
Diablery, and stories strange  
    Of goblins, elves, magicians.

Old gods in modern saints I found,  
Old creeds in strange disguises ;  
I thought them safely underground,  
And here they were, all safe and sound,  
Without a sign of phthisis.

Truth was, my outward eyes were closed,  
Although I did not know it ;  
Deep into dream-land I had dozed,  
And thus was happily transposed  
From proser into poet.

So what I read took flesh and blood,  
And turned to living creatures :  
The words were but the dingy bud  
That bloomed, like Adam, from the mud.  
To human forms and features.

I saw how Zeus was lodged once more  
By Baucis and Philemon ;  
The text said, " Not alone of yore,  
But every day, at every door,  
Knocks still the masking Demon."

DAIMON 't was printed in the book  
And, as I read it slowly,  
The letters stirred and changed, and took  
Jove's stature, the Olympian look  
Of painless melancholy.

He paused upon the threshold worn :  
" With coin I cannot pay you ;

Yet would I fain make some return ;  
 The gift for cheapness do not spurn,  
 Accept this hen, I pray you.

“ Plain feathers wears my Hemera,  
 And has from ages olden ;  
 She makes her nest in common hay,  
 And yet, of all the birds that lay,  
 Her eggs alone are golden.”

He turned, and could no more be seen ;  
 Old Baucis stared a moment,  
 Then tossed poor Partlet on the green,  
 And with a tone, half jest, half spleen,  
 Thus made her housewife's comment :

“ The stranger had a queerish face,  
 His smile was hardly pleasant,  
 And, though he meant it for a grace,  
 Yet this old hen of barnyard race  
 Was but a stingy present.

“ She's quite too old for laying eggs,  
 Nay, even to make a soup of ;  
 One only needs to see her legs, —  
 You might as well boil down the pegs  
 I made the brood-hen's coop of !

“ Some eighteen score of such do I  
 Raise every year, her sisters ;  
 Go, in the woods your fortunes try,  
 All day for one poor earthworm pry,  
 And scratch your toes to blisters !”



Philemon found the rede was good,  
And, turning on the poor hen,  
He clapt his hands, and stamped, and shooed,  
Hunting the exile tow'rd the wood,  
To house with snipe and moor-hen.

A poet saw and cried: "Hold! hold!  
What are you doing, madman?  
Spurn you more wealth than can be told,  
The fowl that lays the eggs of gold,  
Because she's plainly clad, man?"

To him Philemon: "I'll not balk  
Thy will with any shackle;  
Wilt add a burden to thy walk?  
There! take her without further talk:  
You're both but fit to cackle!"

But scarce the poet touched the bird,  
It swelled to stature regal;  
And when her cloud-wide wings she stirred,  
A whisper as of doom was heard,  
'T was Jove's bolt-bearing eagle.

As when from far-off cloud-bergs springs  
A crag, and, hurtling under,  
From cliff to cliff the rumor flings,  
So she from flight-foreboding wings  
Shook out a murmurous thunder

She gripped the poet to her breast,  
And ever, upward soaring,

Earth seemed a new moon in the west,  
 And then one light among the rest  
 Where squadrons lie at mooring.

How tell to what heaven hallowed seat  
 The eagle bent his courses?  
 The waves that on its bases beat,  
 The gales that round it weave and fleet,  
 Are life's creative forces.

Here was the bird's primeval nest,  
 High on a promontory  
 Star-pharosed, where she takes her rest  
 To brood new æons 'neath her breast,  
 The future's unfledged glory.

I know not how, but I was there  
 All feeling, hearing, seeing;  
 It was not wind that stirred my hair  
 But living breath, the essence rare  
 Of unembodied being.

And in the nest an egg of gold  
 Lay soft in self-made lustre,  
 Gazing whereon, what depths untold  
 Within, what marvels manifold,  
 Seemed silently to muster!

Daily such splendors to confront  
 Is still to me and you sent?  
 It glowed as when Saint Peter's front,

Illumed, forgets its stony wont,  
And seems to throb translucent.

One saw therein the life of man,  
(Or so the poet found it,)  
The yolk and white, conceive who can,  
Were the glad earth, that, floating, span  
In the glad heaven around it.

I knew this as one knows in dream,  
Where no effects to causes  
Are chained as in our work-day scheme,  
And then was wakened by a scream  
That seemed to come from Baucis.

“ Bless Zeus ! ” she cried, “ I ’m safe below ! ”  
First pale, then red as coral ;  
And I, still drowsy, pondered slow,  
And seemed to find, but hardly know,  
Something like this for moral.

Each day the world is born anew  
For him who takes it rightly ;  
Not fresher that which Adam knew,  
Not sweeter that whose moonlit dew  
Entranced Arcadia nightly.

Rightly ? That ’s simply : ’t is to see  
Some substance casts these shadows  
Which we call Life and History,  
That aimless seem to chase and flee  
Like wind-gleams over meadows.

Simply? That's nobly: 't is to know  
 That God may still be met with,  
 Nor groweth old, nor doth bestow  
 These senses fine, this brain aglow,  
 To grovel and forget with.

Beauty, Herr Doctor, trust in me,  
 No chemistry will win you;  
 Charis still rises from the sea:  
 If you can't find her, *might* it be  
 Because you seek within you?

## A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND

ALIKE I hate to be your debtor,  
 Or write a mere perfunctory letter;  
 For letters, so it seems to me,  
 Our careless quintessence should be,  
 Our real nature's truant play  
 When Consciousness looks t' other way;  
 Not drop by drop, with watchful skill,  
 Gathered in Art's deliberate still,  
 But life's insensible completeness  
 Got as the ripe grape gets its sweetness,  
 As if it had a way to fuse  
 The golden sunlight into juice.  
 Hopeless my mental pump I try;  
 The boxes hiss, the tube is dry;  
 As those petroleum wells that spout  
 Awhile like M. C.'s, then give out,

My spring, once full as Arethusa,  
Is a mere bore as dry's Creusa ;  
And yet you ask me why I'm glum,  
And why my graver Muse is dumb.  
Ah me ! I've reasons manifold  
Condensed in one, — I'm getting old !

When life, once past its fortieth year,  
Wheels up its evening hemisphere,  
The mind's own shadow, which the boy  
Saw onward point to hope and joy,  
Shifts round, irrevocably set  
Tow'rd morning's loss and vain regret,  
And, argue with it as we will,  
The clock is unconverted still.

“ But count the gains,” I hear you say,  
“ Which far the seeming loss outweigh ;  
Friendships built firm 'gainst flood and wind  
On rock-foundations of the mind ;  
Knowledge instead of scheming hope ;  
For wild adventure, settled scope ;  
Talents, from surface-ore profuse,  
Tempered and edged to tools for use ;  
Judgment, for passion's headlong whirls ;  
Old sorrows crystallised into pearls ;  
Losses by patience turned to gains,  
Possessions now, that once were pains ;  
Joy's blossom gone, as go it must,  
To ripen seeds of faith and trust ;  
Why heed a snow-flake on the roof  
If fire within keep Age aloof,

Though blundering north-winds push and strain  
 With palms benumbed against the pane?"

My dear old Friend, you 're very wise ;  
 We always are with others' eyes,  
 And see *so* clear ! (our neighbor's deck on)  
 What reef the idiot's sure to wreck on ;  
 Folks when they learn how life has quizzed 'em  
 Are fain to make a shift with Wisdom,  
 And, finding she nor breaks nor bends,  
 Give her a letter to their friends.  
 Draw passion's torrent whoso will  
 Through sluices smooth to turn a mill,  
 And, taking solid toll of grist,  
 Forget the rainbow in the mist,  
 The exulting leap, the aimless haste  
 Scattered in iridescent waste ;  
 Prefer who likes the sure esteem  
 To cheated youth's midsummer dream,  
 When every friend was more than Damon,  
 Each quicksand safe to build a fame on ;  
 Believe that prudence snug excels  
 Youth's gross of verdant spectacles,  
 Through which earth's withered stubble seen  
 Looks autumn-proof as painted green, —  
 I side with Moses 'gainst the masses,  
 Take you the drudge, give me the glasses !  
 And, for your talents shaped with practice,  
 Convince me first that such the fact is ;  
 Let whoso likes be beat, poor fool,  
 On life's hard stithy to a tool,  
 Be whoso will a ploughshare made,  
 Let me remain a jolly blade !

What's Knowledge, with her stocks and lands,  
To gay Conjecture's yellow strands?  
What's watching her slow flock's increase  
To ventures for the golden fleece?  
What her deep ships, safe under lee,  
To youth's light craft, that drinks the sea,  
For Flying Islands making sail,  
And failing where 't is gain to fail?  
Ah me! Experience (so we're told),  
Time's crucible, turns lead to gold;  
Yet what's experience won but dross,  
Cloud-gold transmuted to our loss?  
What but base coin the best event  
To the untried experiment?

'T was an old couple, says the poet,  
That lodged the gods and did not know it;  
Youth sees and knows them as they were  
Before Olympus' top was bare;  
From Swampscot's flats his eye divine  
Sees Venus rocking on the brine,  
With lucent limbs, that somehow scatter a  
Charm that turns Doll to Cleopatra;  
Bacchus (that now is scarce induced  
To give Eld's lagging blood a boost),  
With cymbals' clang and pards to draw him,  
Divine as Ariadne saw him,  
Storms through Youth's pulse with all his train  
And wins new Indies in his brain;  
Apollo (with the old a trope,  
A sort of finer Mister Pope),  
Apollo — but the Muse forbids;

At his approach cast down thy lids,  
 And think it joy enough to hear  
 Far off his arrows singing clear ;  
 He knows enough who silent knows  
 The quiver chiming as he goes ;  
 He tells too much who e'er betrays  
 The shining Archer's secret ways.

Dear Friend, you 're right and I am wrong ;  
 My quibbles are not worth a song,  
 And I sophistically tease  
 My fancy sad to tricks like these.  
 I could not cheat you if I would ;  
 You know me and my jesting mood,  
 Mere surface-foam, for pride concealing  
 The purpose of my deeper feeling.  
 I have not spilt one drop of joy  
 Poured in the senses of the boy,  
 Nor Nature fails my walks to bless  
 With all her golden inwardness ;  
 And as blind nestlings, unafraid,  
 Stretch up wide-mouthed to every shade  
 By which their downy dream is stirred,  
 Taking it for the mother-bird,  
 So, when God's shadow, which is light,  
 Unheralded, by day or night,  
 My wakening instincts falls across,  
 Silent as sunbeams over moss,  
 In my heart's nest half-conscious things  
 Stir with a helpless sense of wings,  
 Lift themselves up, and tremble long  
 With premonitions sweet of song.



Be patient, and perhaps (who knows ?)  
These may be winged one day like those ;  
If thrushes, close-embowered to sing,  
Pierced through with June's delicious sting ;  
If swallows, their half-hour to run  
Star-breasted in the setting sun.  
At first they 're but the unfledged proem,  
Or songless schedule of a poem ;  
When from the shell they 're hardly dry  
If some folks thrust them forth, must I ?

But let me end with a comparison  
Never yet hit upon by e'er a son  
Of our American Apollo,  
(And there 's where I shall beat them hollow,  
If he indeed 's no courtly St. John,  
But, as West said, a Mohawk Injun.)  
A poem 's like a cruise for whales :  
Through untried seas the hunter sails,  
His prow dividing waters known  
To the blue iceberg's hulk alone ;  
At last, on farthest edge of day,  
He marks the smoky puff of spray ;  
Then with bent oars the shallop flies  
To where the basking quarry lies ;  
Then the excitement of the strife,  
The crimsoned waves, — ah, this is life !

But, the dead plunder once secured  
And safe beside the vessel moored,  
All that had stirred the blood before  
Is so much blubber, nothing more,

(I mean no pun, nor image so  
 Mere sentimental verse, you know,)  
 And all is tedium, smoke, and soil,  
 In trying out the noisome oil.

Yes, this *is* life! And so the bard  
 Through briny deserts, never scarred  
 Since Noah's keel, a subject seeks,  
 And lies upon the watch for weeks ;  
 That once harpooned and helpless lying,  
 What follows is but weary trying.

Now I've a notion, if a poet  
 Beat up for themes, his verse will show it ;  
 I wait for subjects that hunt me,  
 By day or night won't let me be,  
 And hang about me like a curse,  
 Till they have made me into verse,  
 From line to line my fingers tease  
 Beyond my knowledge, as the bees  
 Build no new cell till those before  
 With limpid summer-sweet run o'er ;  
 Then, if I neither sing nor shine,  
 Is it the subject's fault, or mine ?

#### AN EMBER PICTURE

How strange are the freaks of memory !  
 The lessons of life we forget,  
 While a trifle, a trick of color,  
 In the wonderful web is set, —

Set by some mordant of fancy,  
And, spite of the wear and tear  
Of time or distance or trouble,  
Insists on its right to be there.

A chance had brought us together ;  
Our talk was of matters-of-course ;  
We were nothing, one to the other,  
But a short half-hour's resource.

We spoke of French acting and actors,  
And their easy, natural way :  
Of the weather, for it was raining  
As we drove home from the play.

We debated the social nothings  
We bore ourselves so to discuss ;  
The thunderous rumors of battle  
Were silent the while for us.

Arrived at her door, we left her  
With a drippingly hurried adieu,  
And our wheels went crunching the gravel  
Of the oak-darkened avenue.

As we drove away through the shadow,  
The candle she held in the door  
From rain-varnished tree-trunk to tree-trunk  
Flashed fainter, and flashed no more ; —

Flashed fainter, then wholly faded  
Before we had passed the wood ;

But the light of the face behind it  
Went with me and stayed for good.

The vision of scarce a moment,  
And hardly marked at the time,  
It comes unbidden to haunt me,  
Like a scrap of ballad-rhyme.

Had she beauty? Well, not what they call so ;  
You may find a thousand as fair ;  
And yet there 's her face in my memory  
With no special claim to be there.

As I sit sometimes in the twilight,  
And call back to life in the coals  
Old faces and hopes and fancies  
Long buried, (good rest to their souls !)

Her face shines out in the embers ;  
I see her holding the light,  
And hear the crunch of the gravel  
And the sweep of the rain that night.

'T is a face that can never grow older,  
That never can part with its gleam,  
'T is a gracious possession forever,  
For is it not all a dream ?

## TO H. W. L.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY, 1867

I NEED not praise the sweetness of his song,  
 Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds  
 Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he  
     wrong  
 The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,  
 Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name  
 Is blown about the world, but to his friends  
 A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,  
 And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim  
 To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

As I muse backward up the checkered years  
 Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,  
 Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears, —  
 But hush! this is not for profaner ears;  
 Let them drink molten pearls nor dream the  
     cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core,  
 As naught but nightshade grew upon earth's  
     ground;  
 Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and the more  
 Fate tried his bastions, she but forced a door  
 Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

282 *THE NIGHTINGALE IN THE STUDY*

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade  
    Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with  
    sun,  
So through his trial faith translucent rayed  
Till darkness, half disnatured so, betrayed  
    A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay  
    And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,  
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,  
He shall not go, although his presence may,  
    And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet  
    As gracious natures find his song to be ;  
May Age steal on with softly-cadenced feet  
Falling in music, as for him were meet  
    Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he !

*THE NIGHTINGALE IN THE STUDY*

“COME forth !” my catbird calls to me,  
    “ And hear me sing a cavatina  
That, in this old familiar tree,  
    Shall hang a garden of Alcina.

“These buttercups shall brim with wine  
    Beyond all Lesbian juice or Massic ;  
May not New England be divine ?  
    My ode to ripening summer classic ?

“ Or, if to me you will not hark,  
By Beaver Brook a thrush is ringing  
Till all the alder-coverts dark  
Seem sunshine-dappled with his singing.

“ Come out beneath the unmastered sky,  
With its emancipating spaces,  
And learn to sing as well as I,  
Without premeditated graces.

“ What boot your many-volumed gains,  
Those withered leaves forever turning,  
To win, at best, for all your pains,  
A nature mummy-wrapt in learning?

“ The leaves wherein true wisdom lies  
On living trees the sun are drinking;  
Those white clouds, drowsing through the skies,  
Grew not so beautiful by thinking.

“ ‘ Come out!’ with me the oriole cries,  
Escape the demon that pursues you!  
And, hark, the cuckoo weatherwise,  
Still hiding farther onward, woos you.”

“ Alas, dear friend, that, all my days,  
Hast poured from that syringa thicket  
The quaintly discontinuous lays  
To which I hold a season-ticket,

“ A season-ticket cheaply bought  
With a dessert of pilfered berries,

And who so oft my soul hast caught  
With morn and evening voluntaries,

“Deem me not faithless, if all day  
Among my dusty books I linger,  
No pipe, like thee, for June to play  
With fancy-led, half-conscious finger.

“A bird is singing in my brain  
And bubbling o'er with mingled fancies,  
Gay, tragic, rapt, right heart of Spain  
Fed with the sap of old romances.

“I ask no ampler skies than those  
His magic music rears above me,  
No falsers friends, no truer foes, —  
And does not Doña Clara love me?

“Cloaked shapes, a twanging of guitars,  
A rush of feet, and rapiers clashing,  
Then silence deep with breathless stars,  
And overhead a white hand flashing.

“O music of all moods and climes,  
Vengeful, forgiving, sensuous, saintly,  
Where still, between the Christian chimes,  
The Moorish cymbal tinkles faintly!

“O life borne lightly in the hand,  
For friend or foe with grace Castilian!  
O valley safe in Fancy's land,  
Not tramped to mud yet by the million!



- “ Bird of to-day, thy songs are stale  
 To his, my singer of all weathers,  
 My Calderon, my nightingale,  
 My Arab soul in Spanish feathers.
- “ Ah, friend, these singers dead so long,  
 And still, God knows, in purgatory,  
 Give its best sweetness to all song,  
 To Nature’s self her better glory.”

## IN THE TWILIGHT

MEN say the sullen instrument,  
 That, from the Master’s bow,  
 With pangs of joy or woe,  
 Feels music’s soul through every fibre sent,  
 Whispers the ravished strings  
 More than he knew or meant ;  
 Old summers in its memory glow ;  
 The secrets of the wind it sings ;  
 It hears the April-loosened springs ;  
 And mixes with its mood  
 All it dreamed when it stood  
 In the murmurous pine-wood  
 Long ago !

The magical moonlight then  
 Steeped every bough and cone ;  
 The roar of the brook in the glen  
 Came dim from the distance blown ;

The wind through its glooms sang low,  
 And it swayed to and fro  
     With delight as it stood,  
 In the wonderful wood,  
     Long ago !

O my life, have we not had seasons  
 That only said, Live and rejoice ?  
 That asked not for causes and reasons,  
     But made us all feeling and voice ?  
 When we went with the winds in their blowing,  
     When Nature and we were peers,  
 And we seemed to share in the flowing  
     Of the inexhaustible years ?  
 Have we not from the earth drawn juices  
 Too fine for earth's sordid uses ?  
     Have I heard, have I seen  
     All I feel, all I know ?  
     Doth my heart overween ?  
     Or could it have been  
     Long ago ?

Sometimes a breath floats by me,  
 An odor from Dreamland sent,  
 That makes the ghost seem nigh me  
     Of a splendor that came and went,  
 Of a life lived somewhere, I know not  
     In what diviner sphere,  
 Of memories that stay not and go not,  
     Like music heard once by an ear  
     That cannot forget or reclaim it,

A something so shy, it would shame it  
To make it a show,  
A something too vague, could I name it,  
For others to know,  
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,  
As if I had acted or schemed it,  
Long ago!

And yet, could I live it over,  
This life that stirs in my brain,  
Could I be both maiden and lover,  
Moon and tide, bee and clover,  
As I seem to have been, once again,  
Could I but speak it and show it,  
This pleasure more sharp than pain,  
That baffles and lures me so,  
The world should once more have a poet,  
Such as it had  
In the ages glad,  
Long ago!

## THE FOOT-PATH

It mounts athwart the windy hill  
Through sallow slopes of upland bare,  
And Fancy climbs with foot-fall still  
Its narrowing curves that end in air.

By day, a warmer-hearted blue  
Stoops softly to that topmost swell;

Its thread-like windings seem a clue  
To gracious climes where all is well.

By night, far yonder, I surmise  
An ampler world than clips my ken,  
Where the great stars of happier skies  
Commingle nobler fates of men.

I look and long, then haste me home,  
Still master of my secret rare ;  
Once tried, the path would end in Rome,  
But now it leads me everywhere.

Forever to the new it guides,  
From former good, old overmuch ;  
What Nature for her poets hides,  
'T is wiser to divine than clutch.

The bird I list hath never come  
Within the scope of mortal ear ;  
My prying step would make him dumb,  
And the fair tree, his shelter, sear.

Behind the hill, behind the sky,  
Behind my inmost thought, he sings ;  
No feet avail ; to hear it nigh,  
The song itself must lend the wings.

Sing on, sweet bird, close hid, and raise  
Those angel stairways in my brain,  
That climb from these low-vaulted days  
To spacious sunshines far from pain.

Sing when thou wilt, enchantment fleet,  
I leave thy covert haunt untrod,  
And envy Science not her feat  
To make a twice-told tale of God.

They said the fairies tript no more,  
And long ago that Pan was dead ;  
'T was but that fools preferred to bore  
Earth's rind inch-deep for truth instead.

Pan leaps and pipes all summer long,  
The fairies dance each full-mooned night,  
Would we but doff our lenses strong,  
And trust our wiser eyes' delight.

City of Elf-land, just without  
Our seeing, marvel ever new,  
Glimpsed in fair weather, a sweet doubt  
Sketched-in, mirage-like, on the blue.

I build thee in yon sunset cloud,  
Whose edge allures to climb the height ;  
I hear thy drowned bells, inly-loud,  
From still pools dusk with dreams of night.

Thy gates are shut to hardest will,  
Thy countersign of long-lost speech, —  
Those fountained courts, those chambers still,  
Fronting Time's far East, who shall reach ?

I know not, and will never pry,  
But trust our human heart for all ;

Wonders that from the seeker fly  
Into an open sense may fall.

Hide in thine own soul, and surprise  
The password of the unwary elves;  
Seek it, thou canst not bribe their spies;  
Unsought, they whisper it themselves.











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